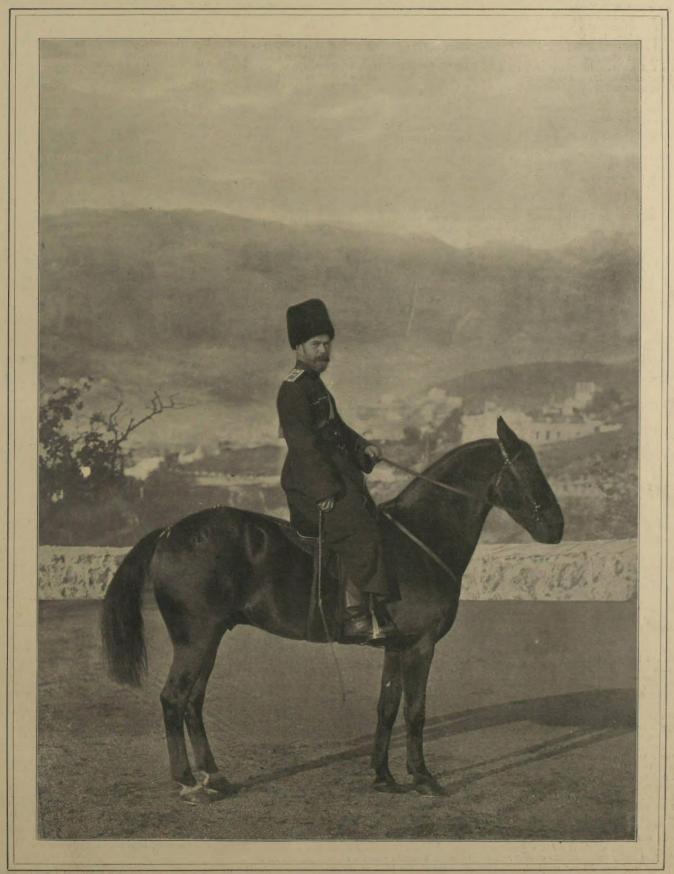
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1905

SIXPENCE

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IN THE UNIFORM OF THE BUTCHERS: THE TSAR AS A COSSACK.

Here the Tsar is seen in a Cossack's full equipment, down even to the "nagharha," or short-handled whip, which has frequently been used for the repression of rioters.

On January 22 the Cossacks used their whips against a deputation of strikers, which had been sent to the barracks to protest against the violence of the military.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

History has some strange jests. The chief of the police at St. Petersburg is said to be General Foulon. It is an ominous name. There was a Foulon in the French Revolution, who told the starving populace to eat grass. His head subsequently adorned a pike, and grass was stuffed into his mouth. The coincidence will not go so far, perhaps; but it is grim enough already. An official is reported to have said that there would be "as much shooting as was necessary." It has been rather one-sided. The people armed with a petition to the Tsar, and his troops responding with bullets-the gentle admonitions of the Little Father to his children; it is not a pretty spectacle. The necessary shooting may be more even-handed some day; the "whiff of grapeshot," which should extinguish a revolution, may only provoke a counterblast. If it be not now, it is to come. Government by Grand Dukes is not one of the blessings that mankind cherishes for ever. The Grand Duke, as a national institution, can scarcely stand the wear and tear of time. He makes a disastrous war, and sends regiments to fight, but stays behind to shoot women and children. Clearly it is no part of Grand Ducal functions to chastise a foreign enemy, or to bind the nation in staunch allegiance to the Throne.

I wonder whether the troops who distinguished themselves in the streets of St. Petersburg will ever take that uncomfortable journey to Manchuria. When Kuropatkin asks again for reinforcements, perhaps the answer will be: "You cannot have any more men; they are needed here to shoot insurgent babes." But should the heroes of the butchery go to Mukden, what should the heroes of the butchery go to Mukden, what glorious tales they will tell their comrades there! "You have been fighting the Japanese," they will say, "and not getting the best of it. But we have fought for the Fatherland at St. Petersburg, and won a noble victory. We have killed women and children—probably your kith and kin among them. Long live the Tsar!" Kuropatkin's hosts on the Sha-ho ought to be improved to the sha-hought to the sha-ho to be immensely stimulated by these splendid fellows, and their great deeds. I saw a set of Russian war cartoons the other day, which pictured in dazzling colours the victories of Russia by land and sea. There were Cossacks riding down the Japanese, who lay about in postures of horror and dismay. There was a huge Russian soldier at Port Arthur, sinking the tiny Japanese war-ships with his little finger; and there was Togo shedding tears. The brilliant fancy which designed these cartoons should produce another set to com-memorate the heroism which stained the snow on the banks of the Neva with the blood of the helpless. these stirring pictures be distributed among those children of the Little Father who are facing a real foe in the Far East. Long live the Tsar!

Disraeli has been dead nearly a quarter of a century, and the world has just read the fragment of a novel he was writing in the last year of his life. It gave one a quaint sensation to find these chapters It gave one a quant sensation to find these chapters in the Times, where we have not been taught to look for romantic fiction. I have heard that an ancient subscriber to that journal read the first instalment of the novel with growing amazement until he arrived at this climax: "'What is your name?' 'My name is Kusinara—and yours?' 'I have no name,' said the unknown. (To be continued to-morrow.)" Then the ancient subscriber fell out of his chair and swooned on the hearthrug. He to-morrow.)" Then the ancient subscriber fell out of his chair and swooned on the hearthrug. He had been accustomed to read the leading articles and the City Intelligence for fifty years; but when he found a serial story, which he had begun to read with the impression that it was the political testament of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, a State paper of the highest importance, he was struck all of a heap. I am told that his two granddaughters discovered him on the hearthrug, and brought him round by splashing his forehead with cold tea. They asked him what the story was about, and he murmured faintly: "The extinction of the human species; and it's high time!'

I forget how long it is since Tolstoy first preached the extinction of the human species; but four-andtwenty years ago Disraeli had an inkling of this great truth. He introduces us to a young nobleman who was a sceptic even in childhood; who left Oxford on account of some controversy about the origin of evil; who left the Diplomatic Service because a foreign Government detected him in a correspondence with a revolutionary leader; and who left Parliament because he found that Parliaments were worn out. "It is true of everything," he told his stepmother; "but of the whole affair nothing is so exhausted as the human race itself. I am capable of devotion," he added, "to the happiness of my species. For that reason I wish it to become extinct." Why prolong its existence on a to become extinct." Why prolong its existence on a globe which was "clearly never intended for man," a globe which consists chiefly of water, a great portion of the land being "uninhabitable desert"? This original young nobleman did not stand alone. The plot of the story was to show him in league with a

German millionaire, a Buddhist missionary, and the mysterious stranger who had no name, for this great purpose of improving man off the face of the earth. If there had only been nineteen chapters of the fragment instead of nine, they might have done for that ancient subscriber to the *Times*, who would have left this inscription for his tomb: "He died in the hope that the human species would not long survive him. But they would have filled many of us with cheer.

It may have been Disraeli's humour to leave this story incomplete. Perhaps he had remarked the fate of the masterpiece which becomes a classic. It is always too long; it drags itself rather wearily to its close. You use it as a bedside book, and know exactly the point where it will send you gently off. Nobody ventured to say this at the "Don Quixote" dinner; but I noticed that the happy device of representing the Knight, and Rozinante, and the Windmill, all in sugar, on the top of the ice-pudding, was hailed with enthusiasm as a judicious abbreviation of the classic. Another method has been tried with rather startling audacity at a suburban theatre in Paris. After the fourth act of "Tartuffe" the audience was informed that the fifth would not be played because it was "un-worthy of Molière." We never treat Shakspere so. You find an intimation sometimes in the playbill that he has been reduced to three acts; but no smiling person comes in front of the curtain to explain that, out of regard for his memory, it has been thought expedient to omit this and that. Perhaps Disraeli said to him-"I won't have any skipping spirit languidly turning the pages of my book, or using it as an opiate. So I'll leave nine chapters, and every word of them a thing of wonder." The success of this policy is mani-You do literally marvel at every word. mysterious personage approaches a great lady at a party, and tells her that society is based on fraudulent principles. "His costume, though simple, was yet effective." You are bidden to remark his "star of brilliants"; but there was "no ribbon."

In this week's issue we give a picture of the Queen of Siam alighting from her state barge. The artist has taken her with his usual aptitude for catching us in our least studied movements. She seems to be on a gentle run, as if about to kick off at football; and her simple yet effective costume lends itself to the spirited action. Still, I had no idea that such a dress was deemed befitting to Oriental majesty. I thought there would be draperies, such at least as Haidée wore that fatal day when her father came home-

> Her orange silk full Turkish trousers furl'd About the prettiest ankle in the world.

But the Queen of Siam, alighting from her barge, is equipped for gymnastic exercise. So are the Siamese Princesses. Behind her Majesty comes a whole bevy of them, attired for fencing or the parallel bar, you would think; but no, it is the simple yet effective costume for a stroll. East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet. But they have met. Here is Eastern etiquette, and royal etiquette too, clad in the raiment of Western emancipation. Does the Kaiser know this? I fancy not, or he would send a special Embassy to the Siamese Court with volumes of designs and patterns for the costumes which alone are compatible with the principle of monarchy.

Our spelling reformers have been quiet for a long time, but they ought to be stirred by the rising in France. It is said that eight thousand schoolmasters have petitioned the French Academy to revise the orthography of the language. "Down with double consonants!" is one of the battle-cries. It reminds me of the learned physician (perhaps I have told his impressive story before), who used to war against double consonants by refusing to spell "egg" with more than one "g." He never wrote a letter without affirming his principles. I believe he advised every patient to consume an "eg" beaten up in port wine, but warned him that if he swallowed the other "g" the consequences might be fatal.

The French revolt is serious, but the Academy is said to be standing firm. "Change our spelling!" protest the champions of orthodoxy. "You might as well take to be standing firm. "Change our spelling!" protest the champions of orthodoxy. "You might as well take a mallet and deface our most beautiful monuments!" Something like this is said when reformers here propose to write "honor." The protest is even stronger, for it is moral rather than æsthetic. "Leave out the 'u,' and our honour will be rooted in dishonor!" The orthodox camp is rather disturbed, however, by an American Professor's discovery that our honour made its earliest appearance in the language as "onur." "Never mind!" cry the stalwarts, "even then it had the 'u' in it!" In Paris the beautiful-monument plea is met by the reminder that the eighteenth-century spelling was by the reminder that the eighteenth-century spelling was not the spelling of to-day. Time has chiselled the monument; and if Voltaire could come to life again, he might complain that his orthography was defaced. Why restrain the hand of evolution even if it should chisel the "h" out of honour?

## QUO VADIS, RUSSIA? BY CHARLES LOWE.

"Shooting Niagara," Carlyle might have replied to this question; but Russia, as a whole, seems to be still a long way from even the rapids of a Revolution—on the French scale. Her birth-throes have only begun, and the process will take a long time yet. There will have to be much more suffering, and even bloodshed, before the Russian people can attain to perfect liberty and light, which they are not even prepared to enjoy to the full. In the meanwhile they are prejudicing their own case by asking for too much all at once. They demand more than they could possibly digest in the present unregulated state of their political stomachs. But that is no reason why the Tsar should have committed the folly of declining to receive from them direct their immoderate Petition of Rights. He should rather have imitated the example of that Duke of Brunswick who one day, during the

of Rights. He should rather have imitated the example of that Duke of Brunswick who one day, during the revolutionary troubles of '48—which, originating in Paris, spread all over Germany—was attracted by the tumult of a multitude of his subjects who had surged into his palace square. "What do these people want?" asked the Duke of one of his Ministers who happened to be in attendance. "They want a Constitution, your Highness." "Oh, botheration!" replied the Duke 'give them two, if they like."

But Nicholas II. was not wise enough to imitate the policy of the serpent, and the result was that the snow-carpeted streets of his capital began to be extensively crimsoned with the blood of his subjects, whose only arms were their own desperation and stubborn-ness. Last Sunday's massacre at St. Petersburg was but a repetition, on a smaller scale, of the scenes witnessed by the citizens of Berlin on March 18, 1848. The Prussians had made frequent demands for a Constitution, but had been assured by their ruler, Frederick William IV., the discoverer of Bismarch, that "no power on earth would ever induce him to suffer a sheet of paper to intervene between the Lord God in Heaven and his subjects," and that had want to the subject of the subject o

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"KING HENRY V.," AT THE IMPERIAL.

"KING HENRY V.," AT THE IMPERIAL.

If only by reason of its eloquent expression of English patriotism and its splendid portrait of a truly national King, Shakspere's "Henry V." will always be dear to the hearts of Englishmen. The entente cordiale notwithstanding, they cannot even to-day help their pulses quivering in response to the trumpet-calls of the sublime rhetoric in which the pride of this "dear, dear land" is exalted; and for the sake of the patriotic speeches, and the no doubt idealised representation of the royal victor of Agincourt, our playgoers have always found it easy to tolerate the episodic character of the play, its lack of feminine interest, and the rather tedious humours of that over-rated comic trio — Pistol, Bardolph, and Nym. Mr. Lewis Waller's production of the drama and his representation of the titular hero are too familiar and deservedly popular to need lengthy discussion. The setting which he gives its stirring scenes now at the Imperial, as some four years ago at the Lyccum, is admirably picturesque. As for his rendering of Shakspere's favourite monarch, while the actor perhaps, for all his fine presence, emphasises the manliness rather than the kingly dignity of Henry, still, his sonorous voice gives every line its due rhythm, and imparts to every speech a genuine thrill of intensity. Happily, Mr. Mollison is able to repeat his robust impersonation of the ranting Pistol, and has capital supporters in Mr. W. Calvert as Bardolph and Mr. Kingston as Nym. The Fluellen of Mr. A. E. George, the Williams of Mr. McKinnel, the Katherine of Miss Sarah Brooke, and the impressive Chorus of Miss Mary Rorke are also performances meriting warm commendation.

"MRS. Derning's Divorce," At TERRY'S.

## "MRS. DERING'S DIVORCE," AT TERRY'S.

"MRS. DERING'S DIVORCE," 'AT TERRY'S.

It is a pity Mrs. Langtry's playwrights do not take more trouble to fit her with a part suited to her personality. Here is an actress, always possessed of great individual charm, who is essentially a comédienne, and has at length acquired a rather hard and unemotional but spontaneous and fascinating stagemanner. The type of woman she interprets best is the vivacious society coquette in whom there is little sentiment but considerable wit, not overmuch warmth of feeling but plenty of good-humour. And yet, like so many of his predecessors, Mr. Percy Fendall, author of her latest play, is found giving Mrs. Langtry too few comedy moments, and requiring her too often to essay the vein of tenderness. In his actress's interest he would have done more wisely to treat his theme in light Gallic fashion than in the sentimental and rather heavy method he has adopted. Otherwise, though the topic of "Mrs. Dering's Divorce" is by no means unhackneyed, being that of a married pair's agreement, to a divorce and subsequent reconciliation, Mr. Fendall contrives to enliven his story with one or two very droll situations. Take the scene in which the heroine is visited by a spectacled frump and is asked to give her former husband a matrimonial "character." In the sprightlier passages of the play Mrs. Langtry is very happy, and of course Miss Beatrice Ferrar makes a supremely amusing frump. But on the first night Mr. Leonard Boyne sometimes underplayed his rôle of the spendthrift and profligate husband.

## THE OXFORD'S NEW PROGRAMME.

THE OXFORD'S NEW PROGRAMME.

The Oxford has this week an exceptionally strong programme, and fully bears out its claim of providing four hours of excellent entertainment. Imprimis, that quaint Cockney comedian, Mr. Joe Elvin, appears in a revival of the popular sketch, "Over the Sticks," with a realistic representation of a Kempton Park race—horses, jockeys, and crowd all complete. Next, there is Miss Louie Freear in her inimitable pictures of the London "slavey." Then, not to speak of such welcome and tried favourites as Miss Vesta Victoria, Mr. Tom Leamore, Mr. Pat Rafferty, and Mr. Gus Elen, clever Mr. Bransby Williams varies his customarily brief impersonations of Dickens characters, and offers what is not too extravagantly described as a "thrilling" dramatic monologue, entitled "Fagin the Jew." Finally the Oxford can boast a new departure in the engagement of that talented actress, Mrs. Charles. Sugden, for a special "scena" furnished with musical and choral effects, and styled "The Pictures of the Year."

## MUSIC.

MUSIC.

The genius of the United States is commercial rather than artistic, and while Americans have secured a well-merited reputation by their patronage of the fine arts, they have given us little or nothing of their own creation that may be deemed first-class. Musicians know that their work commands its highest prices in the States, and this suggests appreciation of what is good; but when America sends music to Europe, we are called upon to greet John Philip Sousa and his band. Now, it would be easy to emphasise its weaknesses, but against them may be set the faultless rendering of the marches, the cake-walks, and other compositions of the same calibre that bring joy to the untrained ear. Music of this sort has its open-air value, and is inspiriting to a degree that must give it an abiding place in ball-rooms, music-halls, public parks, and the répertoire of military bands. Here uses and merits end. To its rendering Mr. Sousa and his band may have devoted months of practice—sufficient hard labour, indeed, to have given to musicians of equal capacity and intelligence complete acquaintance with Beethoven's nine Symphonies. And yet, when the last encore has been given, we can but feel that, from the standpoint of serious art, the whole performance is labour lost.

Already we have some details of the forthcoming season of grand opera at Covent Garden, which will commence, according to precedent, on Monday, May 1. We are to hear two complete cycles of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," under the direction of Dr. Hans Richter. There will be no cuts; and the performances

will be timed to allow intervals for dinner. Several great artists are engaged already; the list includes Mesdames Morena, Wittich, Knüpfer-Egli, and Kirkby Lunn; Messrs. Burrian Kraus, Van Rooy, and Reiss. As there will be no Festival at Bayreuth this summer, these performances will have a special interest.

Musical clubs are springing up all over London, and the last to claim a welcome is the Bechstein Hall Concert Club, which is giving orchestral and chamber music alternately on Sunday afternoons. Señor Arbos has been entrusted with the musical direction, and the choice could hardly be improved. choice could hardly be improved.

## STOESSEL EXPOSED.

STOESSEL EXPOSED.

The Times correspondent at Peking, the weight of whose words is universally recognised, has characterised General Stoessel's act in abandoning Port Arthur as a "discreditable surrender." Dr. Morrison has himself visited the fortress, and affirms unsestatingly that it was the death of General Kondrachenko that really weakened the resistance. Stoessel declared he had only 4000 effective men, yet he Japanese found in the town more than 25,000 able bodied soldiers capable of making a sortie. They were well clad and well nourished, and included several hundreds of unscathed officers, among whom were many who were shamming sick. There was no lack of war-material, for the largest depot was full to the roof of all kinds of ammunition for naval guns. Food was plentiful, the waters teem with fish, and there were 2000 horses in fair condition, besides 6000 tons of flour untouched. Champagne and vodka were to be had all libitum to the end, and fuel was in abundance. Dwelling -houses had hardly suffered from shell-fire. "No man," concludes the Times' correspondent, "who ever held a responsible command less deserved the title of hero than General Stoessel."

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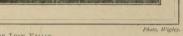
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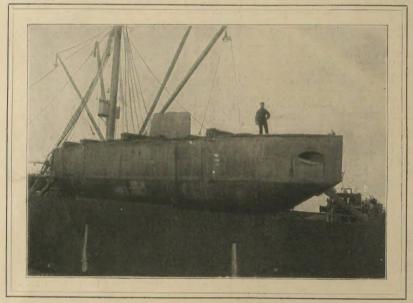






THE DISASTROUS LANDSLIP AND CONSEQUENT INUNDATION AT LOEN, IN NORWAY.

On the night of January 15 at Nesdal, north of Bergen, a huge mass of rock became detached from the hillside and fell into the Loeuwand Lake. The fallen mass caused a huge voave twenty feet high to sweep the neighbourhood, carrying away all the houses on the lake-side. Fifty-nine persons lost their lives. Loeu is a favourite resort of English anglers.



A FORE AND AFT VIEW OF THE SUBMARINE.



THE STEM, SHOWING THREE TORPEDO-TUBES.

A QUEER CRAFT: A JAPANESE SUBMARINE IN HAMBURG HARBOUR. PHOTOGRAPHS BY BREUER



ALIENS' RUN ON THE NEW YORK STATE BANK: POLICE REGULATING THE CROWD. Alarmist reports in the Yiddish papers in New York recently frightened the aliens whose small savings were deposited in the New York State Bank. Scenes of frency and viol took place, and the police had a hard task to regulate the crowd.



AN ACADEMICIAN WHO DIED IN HARNESS: MR. BOUGHTON IN HIS STUDIO. On January 20 Mr. G. H. Boughton wax found dead in his studio at Campden Hill. He had been seized with a spasm of the heart. A very few minutes before death overtook him he was seen at work on a picture that was to be called "The Bathers."

MR. BEERBOHM TREE'S NEW SHAKSPEREAN REVIVAL: "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."



THE PICTURESQUE PRODUCTION AT HIS MAJESTY'S, JANUARY 24.

## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

Not from any Anarchist organisation, but from a simple MASSACRES. labour question, has arisen the first serious movement of the long-expected Russian Revolution. Last week a strike began at the Putiloff Ironworks, where twelve thousand men came out, and the agitation gradually spread to the other great industrial centres of St. Petersburg. The headquarters of the campaign were at a Russian workmen's club, founded by the priest, Father George Gapon, who has been the men's leader throughout the affair. At his instigation the strikers, whose intentions were entirely peaceful, determined to march on Jan. 22 to the Winter Palace, there to present a petition to the Tsar. With the simple faith of Russians in their Sovereign, they believed that if they could get behind the Government and speak with their Tsar face to face their wrongs would be redressed. "Heaven is high and the Tsar is far away," says the Russian proverb; and on this occasion when the Sovereign might by a bold appearance to his people have secured his tottering throne, no man knew where to find him, except possibly the Grand Duke Vladimir, who has a short way with revolutionaries. This man of blood and iron had guarded all the approaches to the Palace Square, and when the strikers, headed by Father George, approached, they were treated in a manner that would only have been justified had their mission been murder and rapine. With little or no warning they were trampled on by Cossacks, beaten with loaded whips, slashed with sabres, and mown down with musketry. On the bridges and in the Vassili Ostroff, the business quarter of the city, scenes of horrible carnage ensued, and women and children were among the slaughtered. One detachment of marines, it is true, refused to fire, but the Cossacks seem to have done their butcher's work with grim alacrity. From ten in the morning till nine at night the unequal fight went on. The now infuriated populace tore up paving-stones and hurled them at the soldiers, and they even attempted the French t

John Blair Balfour, Baron Kinross of Glasclune, the Lord President of the Court of Session, and Lord Justice-General of Scotland, who died on Jan. 22, was born in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, and was called to the Scottish Bar in 1861. In addition to holding the highest post in the Scottish judicature, as we have already indicated, he was at various times Advocate-Depu'c, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, Solicitor-General for Scotland, and Lord Advocate.

M. Combes has resigned, and M. Rouvier has formed a Ministry. The forces which overthrew M. Combes have gained a personal rather than a political victory. There is no reason to suppose that the policy of the



VIADIMIR. THE TSAR'S AUNT.



THE GRAND DUCHESS THE TSAR'S GREAT-AUNT.

OF THE RUSSIAN COURT. GREAT LADIES

new Ministry will differ fundamentally from that of its predecessor. M. Rouvier aims at the separation of Church and State, and at an income-tax. He will in no sense relax the vigilance of the Republic against its domestic enemies. The Nationalists are no nearer than they were to the achievement of their main object, which is the creation of a military and clerical régime which would overthrow the Republic and substitute a Monarchy or a Dictatorship. It was by Republican votes that M. Combes was driven from power; but those votes will be given to his successor, who has no intention of weakening the law against the

ahead of it on the same line of rails was a local newspaper train running from Leeds to Sheffield. Owing, it is believed to fog, the Glasgow train crashed into the rear of the other. The express engine was overturned, and several of the corridor carriages were smashed to matchwood. It was at once evident that there were many casualties, and to add to the horror of the scene the débris of the coaches caught fire. Those of the survivors who could clambered with difficulty from the shattered carriages. Some who were pinned down by the wreckage were threatened with death by fire, but by this time the survivors were doing their utmost to effect rescues. Conspicuous among the helpers was a young artilleryman, Driver Wright, who, although badly wounded, toiled with extraordinary heroism. He clambered into burning carriages, tore away heavy masses of wreckage with his own hand, and bore the sufferers to a place of safety. First aid to the injured was rendered in the most devoted manner by a French lady, who was herself hurt. Seven persons were killed outright, and of the many injured, Mr. Robert Brough, A.R.S.A., has since died. Bad as the disaster was, it might have been infinitely worse; for at the moment it occurred a down express from St. Pancras was due to pass the scene of the accident. The down line was fouled by débris, which would certainly have wrecked the oncoming train, but providentially the guard in charge of a goods-train that was standing on an adjoining line grasped the situation and rushed forward with detonators. At the same standing on an adjoining line grasped the situation and rushed forward with detonators. At the same to explode just one fog-signal under the wheels of the down express, which was luckily brought to a standstill when its buffers had actually grazed the wreckage.

THE WAR: AN

EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

The stirring events which are taking place in the Russian capital have in a large measure absorbed the interest hitherto taken in the war. In spite of rumours of movements on the Sha-ho, there has been nothing stirring of importance since the raid of General Mistchenko, which appears to have altogether failed



THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS. THE TSAR'S SECOND COUSIN.



THE GRAND DUCHESS

OLGA,

THE TSAR'S SISTER

THE GRAND DUKE PAUL. THE TSAR'S UNC

THE REAL RULERS OF

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS, NCLE OF THE TSAR



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, THE TSAR'S PRO-REFORM



THE GRAND DUKE CYRIL.

AND ONE REFORMER.



THE GRAND DUKE BORIS. COUSIN OF THE TSAR.

RUSSIA: ANTI-REFORM GRAND DUKES,

barricades with telegraph - poles and wires; but St. Petersburg is not built for a revolution, and without firearms the people could not hope for victory. Veracious officialism admits 76 deaths and 235 wounded. The casualties, however, cannot be far short of 2000. During the following day the city was in a state of siege, and desultory fights took place. The night of the 23rd passed in darkness and terror. The civilised world is aghast at the awful consequences of the Tsar's weakness and cowardice, which have afforded so terrible an opportunity for brutal repression to the reactionary palace leaders—those Grand Dukes who are the real rulers of Russia. "There is no more a Tsar!" exclaimed Father George when the first victims fell, and his words mark the snapping of the old tie that knit the Russian people to their "God upon Eatth"; for the shots of Jan. 22 assuredly rang the knell of autocracy. Its burial, however, will not be to-day or to-morrow.

The Marquis of OUR PORTRAITS. Bath, who succeeds the late Earl of Hardwicke as Under-Secretary of State for India, has already had some experience of political life. For about seven years in all, when he was Viscount Weymouth, he sat in the House of Commons for the Frome Division of Somersetshire, and he has acted as private secretary to the late Earl of Iddesleigh and as assistant private secretary at the Treasury to Viscount Goschen. Married to Violet Caroline, daughter of Sir Charles Mordaunt, the tenth Baronet, he is brother-in-law to the Earl of Cromer.

The Hon. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Choate's successor as American Ambassador to Great Britain, will not be by any means a stranger in this country; for, quite apart from unofficial visits, he has represented his Government on two of our ceremonial occasions—the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and the Coronation of the King. Mr. Reid is a man of parts—he has been journalist, soldier, politician, and cotton-planter—and is proprietor and editor of the New York Tribune.

religious associations or of making any compromise with the Papacy.

The Welsh Colliery ever known in the West Wales coalfields occurred on the morning of Jan. 21 at the Elba Colliery, Gowerton, near Llanelly. Only fifty men were at work in the pit at the time of the accident, and of these ten were killed and eight others seriously wounded. The shock was terrific; trams were blown to pieces, fragments of ironwork were hurled in every direction, and men were dashed against the side of the workings. The explosion was followed by a rush of after-damp, which poisoned some



THE MARQUIS OF BATH, NEW UNDER-SECRETARY POR



MR. WHITELAW REID,



THE LATE LORD KINROSS, LORD PRESIDENT

of the men and temporarily overcame others. The concussion brought down a huge mass of coal and rubbish, under which some of the victims were buried. The cause of the calamity is at present unknown, for all the lamps of the survivors were returned in good order; but some belonging to the victims have still to be recovered, and it is possible that these may bear evidence of having been tampered with in order to light pipes.

THE MIDLAND

RAILWAY DISASTER.
Shortly after two in the morning the night express from St. Enoch's Station, Glasgow, left Leeds. Five minutes

in its object, although it has given rise to extensive discussion upon the uses of cavalry. And it has served to recall the circumstance that the Southern cavalry was actually carrying out a similar raid in the rear of the enemy at the time that Lee was preparing to surrender to Grant. As to the Second Pacific Squadron, it remains an enigma. We are told on good authority that Rozhdestvensky will leave his present port of call for a cruise to the eastward, but that he will not go farther east than the longitude of Colombo. Apparently the charters on the Hamburg-American steamers which are acting as supply-ships do not extend farther than this longitude, and they run for about three months to come. This being the case, we may suppose that the Russian Admiral will cruise in the neighbourhood of Madagascar, coaling and provisioning outside the limit of territorial waters when occasions offer. He may there wait for his colleagues, and at the same time knock his squadron into shape. It is quite certain that it ought to he more efficient after three months of such training than it can be at the present time.

How far the riots at home will affect the course of the war it is too early to attempt to forecast. Even while we have been hearing of the burning of the naval arsenals, we also hear of the further dispatch of troops to the front, and it is quite possible that the proceedings at St. Petersburg will be very little known outside the official world of Russia. It is still uncertain what is the actual force in Kuropatkin's command: apparently it is not more than 350,000 bayonets, but since the end of November the actual force in Kuropatkin's command: apparently it is not more than the actual force in Kuropatkin's command: apparently it is not more than 350,000 bayonets, but since the end of November the actual force in Kuropatkin's command: apparently it is not more than the actual force in Kuropatkin's command: apparently it is not more than the actual force in Kuropatkin's command: apparently it is not more than the

## SCENES OF STRIKE AND MASSACRE: THE MISE-EN-SCÈNE AND DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTO-NOUVELLES AGENCY; OTHERS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.



MATERIAL FOR THE BARRICADES: A ST. PETERSBURG CABMAN (IZVOSTCHIK) AND HIS VEHICLE.



THE CHURCH BUILT ON THE SCENE OF ALEXANDER THE SECOND'S ASSASSINATION.



THE PEOPLE'S SCOURGE: A CIRCASSIAN COSSACK.

"A Circassian loves to kill a Russian."—Proverb.



THE STRIKERS' RENDEZVOUS: PALACE SQUARE, WITH THE SCENE OF COMBAT ON THE LEFT.



WHENCE THE SHOTTED SALUTE WAS FIRED: THE INTERIOR OF THE PETER AND PAUL FORTRESS, WITH THE MINT IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE DOWN-TRODDEN RUSSIAN FARM-LABOURER:
MOUJIKS IN WORKING DRESS.



THE SPOT WHERE TWO HUNDRED STRIKERS FELL: THE ENTRANCE TO THE TROITZKY BRIDGE.



A SCENE OF DESPERATE COMBAT: THE TROITZKY BRIDGE, BETWEEN THE FORTRESS AND THE BRITISH EMBASSY.



A PASSAGE THE STRIKERS FAILED TO FORCE: THE ARCH LEADING DIRECTLY TO THE PALACE SQUARE.

The izvostchik, or drashky-driver, is here shown in his summer dress and with a wheeled vehicle. At the present time they are driving sleighs, and the cabmen are expected to join the strike and to use their vehicles in the building of barricades. On the extreme left of the picture of the Palace Square is a point where three streets converge. Along these bands of strikers proceeded, and just at the point indicated fierce fighting took place. The troops in our last picture are those of the St. Petersburg garrison.

THE COSSACKS' WAY WITH THE CROWD: CHARGING THE STRIKERS WITH LOADED WHIPS ON JANUARY 22.



FIRST BLOOD IN THE REVOLUTION: REPULSING THE STRIKERS WITH SWORD, WHIP, AND GUNSHOT OPPOSITE THE ADMIRALTY BUILDING, ST. PETERSBURG.

## GLASS - EYED BILL.

By LLOYD OSBOURNE.

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Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

## PART IL

"I tell you, Bill looked eight feet high, and his eyes were bloodshot and crazy, and he kind of sobbed when he breathed—and if you ever looked down the wrong end of a frontier Colt you can imagine my feelings for yourself. But I went straight up to him and wrested his gun away, and stood in front of him, so Pa couldn't shoot him from the house. Fine? I should say it was—nobody was more surprised than me, I'm sure, and I'm surprised now. But I guess I knew pretty well Bill wouldn't have hurt me for the world; though looking back on it, I can't see how I didn't choose underneath the bed.

underneath the bed.

"Well, I led him back to the bunk-house and made him sit down on the wooden steps. The tears were rolling down his face, and I felt too sorry for him to say a word. They say a girl always likes a bad man—not that Bill was really bad, you know—only unfortunate that he should have complicated his bienniabust with a quarrel with Jackson. When he saw Paprancing towards us he begged like mad for the pistol to kill himself with; and I almost felt like giving it to

him when he talked about wearing stripes and perhaps being sent up for years. But I felt sure I could handle Pa; and anyway, Bill was sort of my dog, you know, and I wasn't going to let anybody hurt him. But I had a tough time with Pa. Pa is such a stickler for law and order. Wanted to take him off to the county seat and lay a felony charge against him. He hadn't been deputy sheriff very long, you see, and was doing new broom. Then Bill made it worse by saying it was all about a woman—never mentioning that I was the woman and Jackson had said something.

Well, Bill was such a gentleman that he wouldn't bring my name into it. Said 'woman' like that, till I wonder Pa didn't burst.

"It was then I felt what training can do for a man—with Pa, I mean; and how wise I had been to always keep the upper hand of him. He was determined to settle Bill out of hand—was positively prejudiced against him—and for a time it looked as though I was nowhere in the scrimmage. And I think he was cut up, too, about my liking Bill so well, for of course (didn't I tell you?)

Bill was just silly about me—always had been since Ah Sue gave him that chicken tomale on the doorstep—wore things next his heart and all that, and thought anything sacred I had ever touched. The whole ranch is a sort of church to Bill, you know. . . Well, as I said, Pa was awful. He paced up and down like a royal Nubian lion, while I, with my heart in my mouth, did Little Spangles in the wild beasts' cage. Little Spangles won out, of course, though once or twice it was a pretty close call. But at last Pa quieted down and went off, quite mild, to find Mr. Jackson. But he didn't find Mr. Jackson. Nobody ever has. He disappeared like an orange under a conjurer's hat. All that's left of Mr. Jackson is upstairs in two trunks, and a debit balance of a hundred and thirteen dollars on the pay-roll. I think he must have changed his name and quit the country. If you had ever been up against Bill I guess you'd have done it too. Anyway, peace descended like a beautiful dream, and Bill stayed Dago foreman instead of going into the jute business at San Quentin Prison. I daresay he might never



He begged like mad for the pistol to kill himself with.

really have got there, but he might have, you know, and he didn't want to try.

"That's all more than a year old now, and Bill has never been on a tear since. He says it was all my running out at him and looking down his pistol, but I tell him it was the scare he got from Pa! It wasn't as though he really liked it, you know—drinking, I mean—but sometimes he'd come to a place where he simply couldn't go on, and was so hopeless and desperate and miserable—— That was his last biennial bust, for now, of course, he has got something to live for and it's all different, and he 's become one of the little saints of the Y.M.C.A. They say he 's the pinkest thing in the room when he gets up and does solemn warning, though I think it's rather fine of him, don't you? And the fun of it is that he runs a boxing class there too, and punches their little heads off afterwards. Oh, Bill's a great boy, and they're going to make him president . . Oh, dear, when once I get started talking about Bill I never seem to know when to stop! Why do, you look so grave, Captain? Aren't you pleased?"

"I have something to say about Bill too," he returned slowly.

"His early life and his early scrapes," she said, "and how you don't believe it will last? There isn't much about Bill I don't know already—his being sent away from England, and how they never wanted to see him again."

"I am out here to take him back," said the Captain.

"He won't go easy," said the girl.

crammed into him for the Army. He must have found it nice and useful!"

"He was given his chance," said the Cap-tain, "and like many another he wouldn't take

another he wouldn't take
it. He was put into
a good regiment and received an allowance that with
economy would have amply sufficed to let him hold his
head up. Then he went the pace and was forgiven.
Then he went the pace and wasn't! He has no
right to complain."

"Oh, but he doesn't!" she exclaimed hastily. "I
wouldn't have you think that for anything."

"But you seem to do it for him," said the Captain.
"I don't suppose my opinion matters particularly."

"Well, it was enough to bring me from England,"
said the Captain. "What you think or don't think has
suddenly become of great importance to many people."

"Don't you think it is about time to tell me why!"
she asked. "You have hinted and hinted till I feel like
a person in a detective story—and I no sooner seem to
touch something but you continue it in the next
number!"

"Did . . Bill . . ever tell you of his first cousin,

"Did . . . Bill . . . ever tell you of his first cousin,

Lord Tranton?"
"Only that he held down the title and was the dead image of the postmaster at Las Vegas. Never passes there but he says, 'Look at that tallow-faced, walleyed old'—!"
"Hush," said the Captain. "Lord Tranton is

dead!

Dead!"

"Dead!"
"His two sons with him, and Lady Grace Morrison—William's aunt, you know. 'All killed in the terrible lift accident at the Hotel des Hesperides in Nice!"
"Well, I am sorry," she said, as Anstruther gazed steadfastly at her as though expecting she knew not what. "Sorry for anybody that gets killed, you know—especially in an elevator. But as I didn't know them, you can't expect me to feel very bad about it, can you?"
"Don't you realise how it will affect William?"
"Oh, he'll be terribly cut up about his aunt. She

was the only person who was ever kind to him. The only one in England he ever wrote to-or who wrote

"This makes him Lord Tranton," said the Captain.
"I suppose it does," she said. "I had never thought

I suppose it does, she said. "I nad never thought of that."

"We 've thought of it a good deal," said Anstruther.
"Lord Tranton," she repeated. "Then won't his—
his wife be Lady Tranton?"

"That's just it, you see," said the Captain. "She will be Lady Tranton."

"What do you mean by 'it'?" said the girl.

"You'll hardly believe it," said the Captain, disregarding her question, "but for a time we didn't know where under the sun to find him. Then somebody said about Lady Grace, you know—I believe it was her maid or housekeeper—and we went over all her letters to try and get track of him"

"Well, you've succeeded," she remarked, as he hesitated

hesitated

"We got on the track of something else," he went
on significantly, "It seemed—indeed, there was no doubt
about it—his affections—er—were seriously engaged—
er—to a young lady—er——"

"Me, I suppose," she said quite calmly,
"Yes, you," he returned; "though it is only fair
to William to say that his letters were expressed—er—
with considerable reserve—with what you might call
perfect respect, you know, and all that kind of thing."

"Of course, I know that," she exclaimed.
"It was very alarming," said the Captain.
"Who for? For you, or the young lady, or Bill?"
The Captain tugged at his yellow moustache.
"I must really beg your indulgence," he said at last.

"I know we lay ourselves open to that imputation," went on the Captain in a tone of depressed suavity. "But, as the dear Duke said in the family council we held at Holderton Abbey, circumstances alter cases."

"It's not Bill they're thinking about," she said, "it's their noble and splendid selves!"

"They cannot very well detach themselves from the affair, even if they would," continued the Captain.

"Tranton's disgrace is necessarily theirs!"

"If the dear Duke doesn't want to know me, he needn't," she retorted with a heightened colour. "If he doesn't want to play in my yard he can always have the aristocratic privilege of staying out."

"Then there's the Dowager Lady Tranton," said the Captain, "Bill's step-mother."

"She really feels it more than anybody," sighed the Captain. "The same name, you know. The possibility of mistakes being made—the inevitable confusion of—"

"It's just what you said before, Captain," she exclaimed mockingly. "It's too unutterably sad, isn't it?"

"I know I am expressing myself very badly," he

exclaimed mockingly. It's too understanding isn't it?"

"I know I am expressing myself very badly," he said. "I told them at the time they ought to choose somebody better fitted for the task than I. But the dear Duke. was so peremptory, and Lady Tranton cried on my shoulder, and the memory of a life-long obligation -naturally turned the scale—and so here I am, and making a terrible mess of it, just as Whitcombe said I would."

am, and making a said I would."

"It was certainly a long way to come just to talk to a girl," she said.

"And then to do it so badly," added the Captain.

"I can't

exclaimed.
"I was
charged to
offer-inducements," said
the Captain,
with embarrassment.
"Inducem e n t s?
What sort of inducements?"
"Oh, I am almost ashamed to

see it's any of their business," she exclaimed.

almost ashamed to say — er — of a monetary nature."

"Well, you ought to be," she said.
"How much?"

"Whitcombe said I was to begin at five thousand pounds."

"The point is, where were you to leave off at?"

"Ten thousand!"

"Why didn't you say it sooner?"

"That you might pull it off without?"

"That you might pull it off without?"

"The Captain hung his head.
"Ihey must have thought you more of a spell-binder than you are," she remarked ruelly.

cruelly. "I told Whitcombe myself I was the last man talk anybody into doing anything," said the

cruelly.

"I told Whitcombe myself I was the last man to talk anybody into doing anything," said the Captain.

"Well, it's not enough for Bill," said the girl.

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"Well, it's mot enough for Bill," said the girl.

"I will make it fifteen thousand," said the Captain hesitatingly. "That is, on my own personal responsibility subject to confirmation by wire."

"Where's the thing for me to sign?" she asked.

He drew out from his breast-pocket a large, important-looking document engrossed on sheepskin. It crackled richly as he opened it and spread it flat with his big hands. It was beautifully glossy, and Helen thought Magna Charta must have looked like it when it was new. She lay back in the hammock, took a chocolate cream, and gave it her disdainful attention. Bill was renounced wake or sleeping or dining out or sitting up with a sick friend; renounced body and soul, alive or dead, positively and explicitly for all time, past, present, or to come. She couldn't even say good-morning to Bill without violating two whole pages of it; she couldn't even send him a post-card without incurring fourteen lines of different kinds of penalties; and the whole thing was inexplicably intertwined with the Lord Chancellor's displeasure and the High Court of Chancery. It reminded Helen, in the profuseness of its reprobation, of the curse of the lackdaw of Rheims.

"You are to sign at the places marked in pencil," said the Captain, who had been watching her out of the lackdaw of Rheims.

"You are to sign at the places marked in pencil," said the Captain, who had been watching her out of the plackdaw of Rheims.

"You are to sign at the places marked in pencil," said the Captain, who had been watching her out of the lackdaw of Rheims.

"You are to sign at the shook her head.

"I wouldn't give Bill up for all the money in England!" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't give Bill up if you threw in the Crown Jewels! I wouldn't give him up if you added Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London and the B

"I suppose there is nothing more to be said," he remarked. "Oh, but there is," she retorted mischievously. "I think it's about time to tell you that Bill and I were married yesterday."



It crackled richly as he ofened it.

"I am sure the very last thing in the world I wish to do is to offend you. I had hoped, as I told you, to discuss the matter first with your father."

"We'll just leave Pa out," she said. "It's me that Bill's in love with—not Pa!"

"Still, it's very awkward," murmured the Captain.
"Very awkward."
"So you read Bill's letters and got quite dis-

"Still, it's very awkward," murmured the Captain.
"Very awkward."

"So you read Bill's letters and got quite discouraged," she said smiling.

"He seemed on the verge of committing an—er—irrevocable mistake," said the Captain.

"Is that how you'd describe his marrying me?" she asked.

There was a pause.

"Frankly—yes," said the Captain,
"There are people here who think the irrevocable mistake might be the other way," she remarked.

"Then, my dear young lady," he went on briskly, "the people here have your true interests at heart. Believe me, there can be no lasting happiness in a union that involves a great inequality of station. It is currently said that a man raises his wife to his own level, but a knowledge of the world teaches us that only too often he—er—sinks to hers."

"Bill seems quite satisfied to sink," she returned.
"In fact, he's been in a panic lest he wouldn't get the chance!"

"The Bill of yesterday and the Bill of to-day are

"In fact, he's been in a panic lest he wouldn't get the chance!"

"The Bill of yesterday and the Bill of to-day are two different men," said the Captain. "He has now a great place to fill. He becomes the head of one of the proudest and most aristocratic families in England. It would be too unutterably sad if he failed in the duty he owes both to his class and to his rank."

"His class and his rank never bothered very much about him out here," she said. "They seemed quite happy, in fact, to be quit of him. He might have starved to death for all they cared!"

THE END.

## A QUEEN IN KNICKERBOCKERS. THE QUEEN OF SIAM IN STATE DRESS.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM PHOTO RAIMS.



HER MAJESTY SOWAYA PONGSI, QUEEN OF SIAM, LANDING FROM HER STATE BARGE.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SOME CURIOUS BODILY TRAITS.

One of the most characteristic features of life at large is that which is summed up in the word "variation." The tendency for individual units to depart to a greater or less extent from the type of their species or race is one universally found represented in both kingdoms of living nature. It implies the striking out of new ways for the children of life, and it thus constitutes the real basis of that great work of development we know under the name of "evolution." Slight differences in one generation may be emphasised in the next. The departures from the type, at first insignificant, become intensified. Nature selects and favours those inhyddeals which show variations, provided always such differences are of a kind calculated to enable their possessors to fight the battle of life and to engage in the struggle for existence more successfully. for existence more successfully.

Of these things there is no doubt, and we may go further, and assert that no organ or tissue of the living body is free from a liability to vary from the normal or usual type. Brain and bone are equally liable to come under the sway of this principle. In man, physiologists are aware of the existence of certain curious flustrations of the variation process. For example, even the number of his bones is not constant. Sometimes he will develop an additional pair of ribs over his normal twelve pairs. Variations in his muscles are common enough, and internal organs also exhibit their own share of departure from the usual type.

A very remarkable form of variation in man is that known as the "transposition" of organs. Thus the heart normally lies slantwise in the body, its greater bulk being on the left side, and its point beating in the interval between the fifth and sixth ribs on that side. But occasionally, people are found with the heart developed on the right side of the body, its functions being apparently performed with accuracy as if it were in its natural situation. Of the liver the same remark holds good. That organ, the biggest in the body, lies under the shelter of the lower ribs on the right side; but in some people the liver is found on the left side. Presumably in such cases the spleen, which occupies a position to the left of the stomach, will also be transferred, though this latter feature may not be regarded as an essential point in the alteration.

The subject of variation in man was suggested to my mind by the perusal of an account of a demonstration given by Professor von Bergmann, the famous German surgeon, of the features presented by the body of a very remarkable man. In the first place, this individual, probably through some additional nervous control over his muscles, is stated to be able to move each muscle independently of others. Muscular movements are commonly performed by associated muscles, but this man appears to be capable, according to the account given of him, of switching off any particular muscle from its neighbours, and of causing it to act independently. The demonstration on the living body of muscleaction in this way must therefore be regarded as of unique character. unique character.

But this human curiosity does not end his list of feats with this solitary item. It is stated that he has a power of displacing internal organs to a certain extent at will. In the report I quote from, it is alleged that he possesses the power of voluntarily causing his heart to shift its position from the left side to the right. One may presume that the change in question is only of temporary nature, but if the feat be verified, I should say it presents an illustration of powers which hitherto have not come under the observation of physiologists. I think all such "freaks" are to be explained on the theory that the individuals possess a nervous control over parts and organs such as is not represented in ordinary folks. For example, in a simple case, we find that some people can move their scalps backwards and forwards, while others do not possess this power. We can readily conceive that those who can bring the scalpmuscles into play do so by reason of their possessing a better nervous control over the muscles than do their neighbours. If we suppose or grant the existence of a better nerve-supply in the one case than exists in the other, we may have found at least the basis of a rational explanation. rational explanation

On similar grounds we may explain the remarkable variation of function (and structure also) whereby an individual is enabled to control the beating of his heart. One such case at least is duly recorded. The account is given in an old book called "The English Malady," written by a Dr. Cheyne about the beginning of the nineteenth century. The Doctor refers to the case of a Colonel Townshend, who came to drink the waters of Bath, at which town Dr. Cheyne practised his profession. The Colonel told his physician of a peculiar power he had of influencing his heart at will. In the spirit of the scientist Dr. Cheyne begged for a demonstration. So the Colonel and himself down on his couch, and Dr. Cheyne, another physician, and an apothecary watched him. They found the Colonel's heart gradually to slow, so that no pulse could be felt, while breathing ceased. Dr. Cheyne states that so complete was the apparent cessation of heart and lungs that they all three imagined death had occurred. Later on the heart resumed its work by degrees and the lungs statted afresh, the patient returning to his normal state.

The heart is a peculiar organ as regards its nervous arrangements; but if we suppose that the Colonel had command over a particular, nerve which lies outside the ordinary man's control, the case becomes clear enough. Probably he reduced himself to the state of the half-drowned man, whose pulse cannot be felt and whose heart is merely working at a very low pressure. All the same, it is certain that such variations are really part and parcel of life's ways everywhere,—Andrew Wilson.

To Correspondents,—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Caess Editor.

H. M. Patte-at x.—Correction received; but it would be safer for you send an amended diagram.

LYCAS CARPENIER. - We regret we cannot give you the information.

G.F.H. PACKER, Cambridge), - One of your problems we trust to publish at an early date.

P WESMAN (Amerley).--Will you please distinguish on a further diagram the Black forces from the White by putting a circle round each of the former pieces, as the diagram you submit is too contusing for practical

Disances, -In your three-move problem, with the White King at Q B sq. if Black play 1, B to R jrd, 2, Q to K 5th ,ch. 2, K takes Kt, and no mate follows.

and no mate follows.

C Wil sox.—We are much obliged for your problem, but ingenuities of this kind we are unable to accept. The idea is by no means new. Many such problems have been published years ago.

BAKKER (Rotterdam).—Thanks for your letter and good wishes. The idea of your problem is certainly novel, but somewhat complicated. It shall, however, receive our consideration.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3107 By G. HEATHCOLE.

If Black play r. B to B 5th, 2, Q to K 3rd 4ch); if s. K to Q 4th, s. Ki to B 4th (ch); and f s. Any edges, them s. P to B 3rd (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3170. By Bayarst Day.



White to play, and mate in two mones.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game placed in the King's Gambit Declined Tournament between Messrs, Maroczy and Nousians.

HACK (Mr. N., P to K 4th B to B 4th P to Q 1rd Ct to K B 3rd Castles T to B 3rd Lakes P th begin of the control of the contr



## THE BRITISH ARMY:

WHA? IT IS AND WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE BY ARNOLD WHILE.

BY ARNOLD WHILE.

Since the Crimean War thirty-seven attempts have been made to reform the Army. They have all failed, for the simple reason that no one has answered the question—what is the Army for? The consequence of this neglect is that the British Army has been told off to perform duties which are also endertaken by the Navy-namely, to prevent invasion of these islands. Thinking men hold that it is a useless expense to pay the Army for doing the duty of the Navy, and that therefore the Army that we require is not an elaborate organisation, rivalling the forces of the great European nations, but a compact and well-equipped force, ready for service across the sea.

and well-equipped force, ready for service across the sea.

All history shows that a country that prepares for war either maintains prosperous peace or is victorious in battle. The Austrians, the French, the English, and the Russians in the last thirty years have engaged in war as amateurs. Germany and Japan alone have prepared for war on scientific principles, and have not allowed social or financial considerations to interfere with military efficiency, although the British Army is more costly than that of either rival or ally even when conscription is taken into account.

The first thing to be done in the creation of a new army is to give it a thinking department; the second, to lop off all expenditure on those portions of the army which are useless in war; and the third, to recognise the responsibility of the Navy for preventing invasion, and concentrating all available energy and cash upon the dat twenty-four hours' notice in any part of the world.

After the creation of the Defence Committee in constduce with the constant of the cons

After the creation of the Defence Committee

field at twenty-four hours' notice in any part of the world.

After the creation of the Defence Committee in accordance with the suggestions of the report of the Committee of Three presided over by Lord Esher, Mr. Arnold-Forster was entrusted with the duty of bringing order out of chaos at the War Office. Pledges have been given that the War Office shall be swept out and that the Army shall be reformed. But the spirit of waste and muddle, characteristic of all our military arrangements, is not yet exorcised. No better instance of this can be cited than the fact that at the last Colonial Conference the Admiralty presented to the Colonial Conference the Admiralty presented to the Colonial Conference that our main military preparations must be against invasion. An official witness, when giving evidence, stated that while the Navy thought that it could guarantee the nation against invasion, the War Office did not believe it.

The Army to-day in India, the Colonies, and at home is costing over £55,000,000 sterling. We are spending more upon soldiers than on the Fleet. Since 1807 we have added \$5,000 men to the Regular Army, and we have added \$5,000 men to the Regular Army, and we have added \$5,000 men to the Regular Army, and we have added \$5,000 men and reduced the expenditure by only £2,000,000 or £2,500,000 a year.

The first question to answer is: Where is the Army to fight if we do fight? The answer to that question depends on foreign policy. What is the cardinal principle of British foreign policy? To keep and defend what we have got. We have no wish to add to our possessions. England harbours no aggressive designs against Continental territory, and we cannot afford to maintain atmies large enough to battle with theirs on ground of their own choosing. We are not likely therefore to fight battles on the continent of Europe nor on the continents of America. There remain the two continents of Africa and Asia. There we hold enormous territories. Our vast political and commercial interests may at any moment embroil

foreign-service army must, other and be an emercinal army.

The recruiting system in Britain has broken down. Hence the reserve has hitherto been required to go to the front and occupy a place in the fighting lime before a shot is fired. For this reason Mr. Arnold-Forster has recommended the creation of two armies – a long-service army for India and service abroad, and a short-service army for use in great national emergency.

The theory of Mr. Arnold-Foreign and a short-service army for the control of the cont

region on. to I have the second to be a second

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## A FOG CATASTROPHE: THE TERRIBLE SMASH ON THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKYTCH BY A SURVIVOR



FIRE AMONG THE FRAGMENTS: THE APPARTING SCINE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE DESISTER.

On the morning of January 19 the night express from Glisgow ran into the rear of a local Leeds to Sirfield train new colors. Which River 1 is made ensued. Seven persons were killed outright and twenty were injured. The horror of the scene was heightened by proceeding the days. Seeing a special of these will be found on another page.

## PECULIARITIES OF THE MODERN FORT: THE USE OF ARMOUR-PLATE ON LAND.



- t. Armoured Cupola for a Disappearing Quick Firing Gun (Depressed),
- N (DEPRESSED). 2. ARMOUND TURKET FOR A DISAPPEARING GUN (RAISED TO FIRE).

  MASKED SHEITER FOR SENTINELS.
- . In Armoured Turket for a Disappearing Gun (Lowered),
  Masked Conning-Tower Concealed by Bushes.

- MASKED CONTING-TOWER CONCEALED BY BUSHES.

  7. AN ARMOURED CONTING-TOWER.

  4. AS AT PORT ARTHUR AND VLADIVOSTOK: Q-INCH GUNS UNDER A REVOLVING ARMOURED TURBET.

  1. ARMOURED CLEDIA.

  10. ARMOURED REVOLVING TOWER FOR QUICK-FIRING GUNS.

## PECULIARITIES OF THE MODERN FORT: MASKING AND SHELTER.



- 1. BYGONE METHODS: THE INTERIOR OF A FORT ON THE OLD PLAN OF CONSTRUCTION.
- 3. GENERAL APPEARANCE OF A GREAT FORT ON THE TWO SYSTEM.
  4. SHELTER ON THE NEW SYSTEM: Underground Quarters for the Dependers 20 Rest in. 5. The Use of Cement in

- 5. The Use of Cement in the New Sysiem: A Belgian Fort.
  7. Concrete in the New Sysiem: The Interior of a Belgian Fort.
  9. Sheiter in the New Fortification: Protection for Infantry against Shot Alone.
- OLD WORKS TRANSFORMED: A FORT BROLCHT UP TO DATE WITH CONCRETE CASSMATES.

  S. CONCRETE IN THE NEW SYSTEM: ITS USE IN THE INTERIOR OF A BALGIAN FORT.

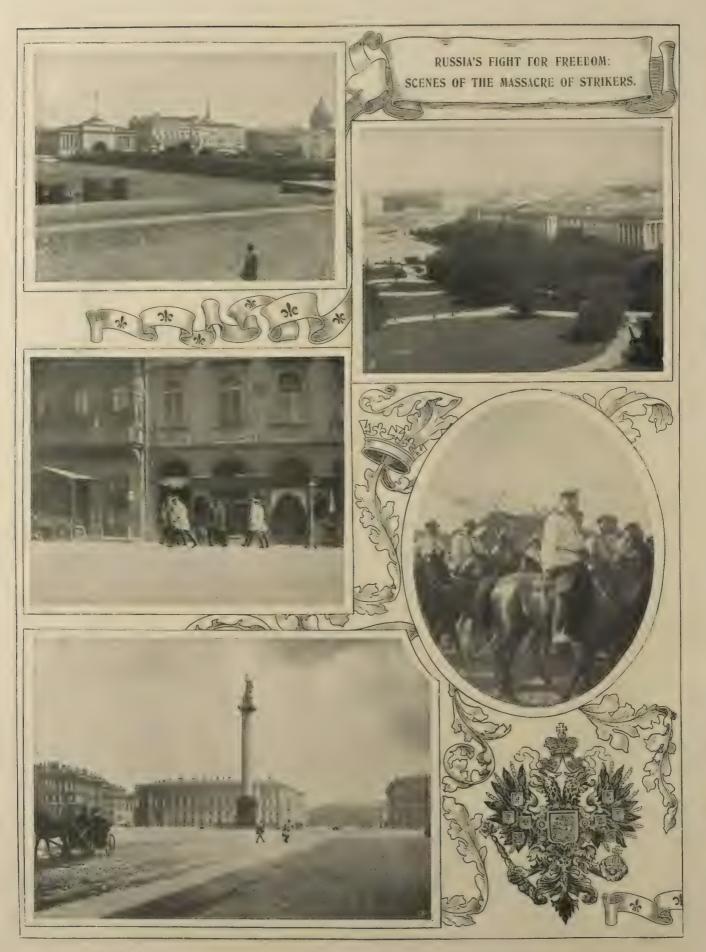
## A CENTRE OF STRIKE AND SEDITION: A RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT FACTORY UNDER GUARD.



STRIKERS FACING THE FACIORY GUARD: A SCENE OUTSIDE ONE OF THE GOVERNMENT WORKS IN ST. PETERSBURG.



THE MARK FOR THE GRAPE-SHOT MYSTERIOUSLY FIRED FROM THE SALUTING-GUNS: THE IMPERIAL KIOSK ON THE FROZEN WATERS OF THE NEVA WHERE THE ANNUAL BLESSING TAKES PLACE.



- 1. ON THE SCENE OF THE STREGGLE; PALACE BRIDGE, ADMIRATTY, AND St. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL FROM THE EXCHANGE.
- 3. A FAMILIAR SIGHT IN DOWN-TRODDEN RUSSIA: POLITICAL PRISONERS UNDER ARREST.
- 5. The Strikers' Rendizvous: The Palace Square and the Atexander Column.
- 2. THE ADMIRALTY BUILDINGS, UNIVERSITY, AND VASSILI OSTROFF QUARTER.
- 4. Butchers of a Proper Struggling to be Free: Cossack Cavalry.

## A SHEDDER OF INNOCENT BLOOD: THE PRIME MOVER OF THE REPRESSIVE MEASURES AGAINST STRIKERS



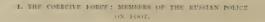
THE GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR, WITH WHOM RESTS THE ULTIMATE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE MASSACRE OF JANUARY 22.

The Tsar's uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimar, is one of the greatest reactionary forces in Russia. H. Collective of the Grand Duke Vladimar, is one of the greatest reactionary forces in Russia. H. Collective of the Grand Duke Collective of the Grand D

## THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE: VIEWS IN ST. PETERSBURG, DRENCHED WITH THE BLOOD OF HER OWN CHILDREN.

STERFOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK; AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY OTHERS





6. THE DOWN-TRODDEN PROFFTARIAT: WORKING-CLASS TYPES IN ST. PETERSBURG. 9. IN THE HEART OF THE STRIKFRS' DWFILING-PLACE: A RUSSIAN CARP WITH SACKS OF FLOUR.

2. THE POINT TO WHICH THE STRIKERS WISHED

3. IN THE VASSILI OSTROFF, OR BUSINESS QUARTER, WHERE THE FIGHTING CHIEFLY TOOK PLACE: THE PLACE DE LA BOURSE.

11. THE POLICEMEN'S WAY WITH THE POPULACE: 12. THE RIDING-SCHOOL OF THE LIFE GUARDS, THE SUNAIF, THE MOUNTED MEN HOLDING EACH A CROWD.

ACADIMY, AND THE VASSILI OSTROFF QUARTER IN THE DISTANCE.

4. A SCENE OF MASSACRE: THE NEVSKY PROSPEKT.

5. REPRESSORS OF THE PROFIE: RUSSIAN CITY POLICE, MOUNTED ON FINE ARAB BORSES.

8. TYPPS OF THE SUFFFRERS; ST. PETFRSBURG WORKING PROPIE. 13. VICTIMS OF OPPRISSION: FACTORA CHILDREN IN SI. PHIERBURG.

## NOGI'S COMPLIMENTS TO STOESSEL: THE HUGE SHELLS THAT ENDED THE RESISTANCE.

BY JAMES RICALTON; COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.



## LOOKING DOWN THE MONSTER'S THROAT: A HUGE SIEGE-GUN BEFORE PORT ARTHUR

STEREOGRAPH BY JAMES RICALTON; COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK

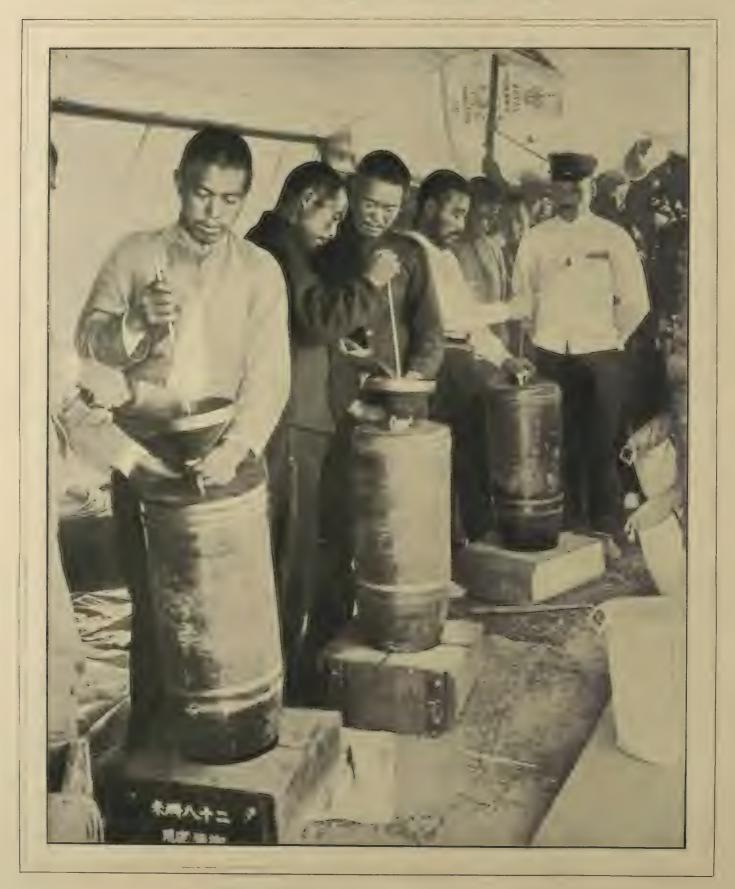


THE MOST EFFECTIVE WEAPON OF THE SIEGE: AN 11-18. MORTAR, A THROWER OF THE GREAT SHELLS.

Although the physique of the Japanese artillerymen is comparatively slight, their training is so perfect that they overcame all the difficulties of bringing these ponderous guns unto position among the precipitous halls around Port Arthur. Concrete emplacements were prepared for the guns, and the batteries had a semi-permanent character.

## THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE CHARGE: LOADING 11-INCH SHELLS AT PORT ARTHUR.

Stereograph by James Ricalton; Copyright, 1005, by Underwood and Uniterwied, London and New Y.



FILLING THE GREAT SHELLS WITH POWDER IN THE SIEGE LINE.

## A REVIEWER'S MISCELLANY.

The Rine Moon. By Laurence Housman. London: John Murray. The Product Son. By Hall Caine. London: Hein mann. 68.
None Treasure-Seekers. By E. Nesbit. (London: Fisher Unnin. Great Englishmen of the Sixt onth Century. By Sidney Lee. (London: Constable, 78. od. net.)

Sir Walter Raleigh. By Sir Rennell Rodd. English Men of Action. (London: Macmillan. 28 od.)

London: Macmillan. 28 6d.)

Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville. Edited by the Countest of
Febr. Years of Fleet Street: licing the Lite and Resolitetions of Six John
London: Macmillan. 18...

The Secret of Petrards. By Idmund James Mills. Illustrated.
(London: Fisher Unwin. 128.)

7% Harly Country. By Charles G. Harper, (London: A. and C. Black, 6s.)

Hack, 6s.)
Unknown Africa: A Narrative of Twenty Months' Travel on Sport in Unknown Lands and among New Tribes. By Maj. P. H. G. Powell-Cotton. (London: Hurst and Blackett. 21s. net

"Where the world breaks up into islands among the blue waves of an Eastern sea . . ." "On the top of Drundle Head, away to the right side, where the track crossed, it was known that the fairies still came and danced by night . . ." So Mr. Laurence Housman, whose equipment as a fairy-story teiler is complete, for he is poet and draughtsman and childiover all rolled into one, begins his tales in "The Blue Moon," and the rest is as captivating as the beginning. It would be difficult to describe their tingling charm; pathaps the nursery critic, sitting round-eved to hear them, expresses it best when he acknowledges they give him "the beautiful shivers." In "A Chinese Fairy Tale," the little studio drudge, painting by candle -ends before a great man's masterpiece, sees a painted door in the picture open, and Wio-Wani himself come walking down a green pathway and out of the picture, to take him away to learn painting. It is all by the candle-light, in the great empty studio: there are the "shivers" at once, to be followed by a comfortable thrill when the little drudge returns, a man grown, by the same wonderful way, to put his old tyrants, the false master and his students, to open dismay. This story is picked at random, but none of its companions lack the increase and in a Christman number, caught the witer of this notice. Its grip will not be detached, even in favour of "The Blue Moon"; but the later stories show that Mr. Housmani's pen, at work at fairy-tales, has in no wise lost its cunning.

that Mr. Housman's pen, at work at lary-tates, has in no wise lost its cunning.

The reason for the popularity of certain writers, the author of "The Prodigal Son" among them, has been under discussion elsewhere lately. So far as Mr. Hall Came is concerned, the explanation is simple. He has a story to tell, and he tells it in plain language, with no beating about the bush, or subtleties, or tiresome strain upon his readers' perception, and he does not forget to have plenty of love-making. It is the stock recipe, as old as the "Decameron," and a good deal older. "The Prodigal Son" is a swinging, full-blooded story too, well spiced with tragic situations; and if those who is less moral and more humour are inclined to cavil at it, the popular author can console himself, as he sells in his thousands, by reflecting that they are an inconsiderable minority of the British public. It is not a probable tale, this romance of the good and bad brothers; and the baby, with its feeding-bottle and its precocious "notice," is quite palpably stoffed with saw-dist—a property baby, destined to grow up into the heroine of a melodramatic situation. The Icelanders, in whose country the scene is laid, seem to be just as full of wise saws and a genius for cross-purposes as the Manxmen; and they take equally kindly to tragedies. When Mr. Caine wishes to compass the ruin of a family, he does not go in for half-measures; and when he brings his prodigal back as the mysterious stranger, he fills his pockets by the wave of a wand. "The Prodigal Son" is, in fact, a fairy-tale for the children of a larger growth; and, since we might be ashamed to be caught reading fairy-tales, Mr. Caine "makes believe" to all of us—himself included, we fancy—that it is a serious study of life; and that in Iceland, about which we cannot be expected to b. a vanything, its heroic adventure could really come to produce the could read the produced we may not quite believe him; but many of read "The Prodigal Son" with relish all

of Blockers, are preference on to the time, or, if they are not, they or lift to be, for they are the mean diagratic hard and child are too at with a serie the case of a (1,2,1) and (1,1) are (1,2,1) and (1,1) are (1,2,1) and (1,2,1) are (1,2,1) are (1,2,1) and (1,2,1) are (1,2,1) and (1,2,1) are (1,2,1) are (1

is not only a book for boys and girls; it will give the greatest joy to any right-minded grown-up. To many of our readers this volume will come with the welcome face of a familiar friend; for it will be remembered that the Bastables have many times appeared in these columns. "The Conscience Pudding," indeed, appeared as a Christmas story some time ago.

Mr. Sidney Lee's outlook on life is, it would seem, markedly bookish, but he has made a brave attempt to deal faithfully with "the spacious days of great Elizabeth," when men of action had a disconcerting way of producing first-rate literature. More, Sidaey, Raleigh, Spenser, Bacon, and Shakspere formed the subjects of a course of lectures delivered by Mr. Lee at Boston. He chose five of these because he had written about them in the "Dictionary of National Biography," and added Bacon because, presumably, Bacon is not shakspere. In order, we suppose, to drive this truth home to the reluctant minds of Boston, Mr. Lee is ruthless in his treatment of Bacon's character. The book is interesting and etudite; but one could wish that its author had caught from his subjects an occasional touch of humour or a chance flavour of style. One feels that, dhigent as he is to set down facts and to weigh characters, competent to search out literary origins and to sift evidence, Mr. Lee is not quite in harmony with the spirit of the Elizabethans. Indeed, there are moments when we almost suspect that the company at the Mermaid Tavern would have found him tedious. To our generation, however, he has done a real service by publishing the series of short biographics contained in this volume. He is, as might be expected, illuminating in the matter of Foreign Influences on Shakspere, and—no small mercy—he keeps quite clear of the Sonnets controversy.

Influences on Shakspere, and—no small mercy—he keeps quite clear of the Sonnets controversy.

It seems strange that Sir Walter Raleigh should not long ago have been given a place among the "English Men of Action," but the delay in rendering him due honour has secured for him a biographer in every way suitable. Sir Rendell Rodd is attuned to the poetry of Empire, and no writer unacquainted with the Dominions beyond the Seas could so well have entered into the spiit of our Elizabethan adventurers. Raleigh might well have claimed rank as a man of letters, but Messrs. Macmillan have been well advised to take him on his active side. It was a prisoner in the Tower who wrote the "History of the World"; the unfettered Raleigh was courtier, politician, soldier, sailor, explorer. If he was something of a filibuster, no smoker of tobacco can find it in his heart to judge harshly the great man who brought the weed into these islands. Unscrupulous no doubt he was, avaricious it may be, perhaps at times cruel; but the pitiful tragedy of his death would absolve, for posterity, a man less worthy. His life was a long romance, and Sir Rennell Rodd's telling of it should draw renders away from the welter of modern novels. Two points, which we fancy will be new to all but the learned, we may briefly note: first, that Raleigh never set foot in Virginia, though to that colony he gave its name and much of his own mind; secondly, that though, unlike most of his contemporaries, he never visited Italy, he reproduced in his own person more closely than any of them the ideal courtier set forth by the Italian Castiglione.

Closely associated with the best-informed circles,

Closely associated with the best-informed circles, Henry Greville heard at first hand all that was worth hearing of the news of the day; and the Countess of Strafford's "Leaves" from his Journals contains the cream of his notes dealing with the years 1857-61. Greville gives a graphic account of the marriage of the Princess Royal; and, in telling of the death of the Duchesse de Nemours, refers to the weird story of Claremont. In connection with the Franco-Austrian War and its aftermath, his unbounded distrust of Napoleon III. declares itself. On p. 273 he says: "The Empetor never speaks a word of truth, and his promises and assurances go for nothing." But the volume is by no means confined to jottings on political affairs. Many of its pages are brimful of light and amusing reading, and incidentally show "with how little wisdom" some of our Governors are endowed. Vernon Smith, President of the Board of Control at the outbreak of the Mutiny, knew so little of the natives of India that he believed they scalped their victims! Who can wonder that the Queen smiled when the Samese Embassy advanced into her presence upon all-fours? Their gifts included a cigar-case and a pair of trousers! The volume closes with an account of the last days of the Prince Consort and a vivid description of the bearing of the Queen under her bereavement. Great care has evidently been taken in the editing, but "Horsham," on p. 206, should be "Horsman" (the Right Hon, Edward), who then sat for Strond.

Mr. Mov Thomas has put a good deal of enter-Mr. Moy Homas has put a good deat of charter taining matter into his book, but he is not very e in his paraphrase of Sir John Robinson's of the Patliamentary gladiators of a bygone day. There are many pages about Gladstone and Doch which tell us nothing particularly new, Everythere when he was a support of the control o

at the dimer-table, checked in the tide of his discourse by a quiet little man, who did not agree with him. Robinson's arguments with Mr. G. make very conditional reading. It may surprise many people to learn that he induced the greatest of High Churchmen to admit that marriage with a deceased wife's sister should be graded. It was observed.

erned. It was characteristic of Gladstone that, so the enting Robinson's contumacy, he enjoyed it rest of the company were amazed such parsamption on the part of one who wanted to gue instead of determinable listening. At no time of his

life was Sir John a respecter of persons. His description of the visit to Osborne when he was knighted by Queen Victoria was written by a humourist, not a courter. A gentle humour and a kind heart enabled him to deal successfully with some rather fearful wildfowl when he was managing editor of a great morning paper. It is matter for regret that he did not compile his reminiscences entirely with his own hands; but Mr. Thomas has made them, for the most part, very interesting.

The scholar who is also a wit with a gift for liverse turns stanzas that may not be in the first for poetry, although they may sometimes come very near it. The late Mr. James Robertson, whose verses are now given for the first time to the world under the title of "Arachma," had an allusive touch that in his lighter pieces reminds us of Mr. Godley. Of course, this sort of work savours more or less of the lamp and of pedagogy, and the references are for the few; but Mr. Robertson's "Rugbeiana," "Harroviana," and "Hadeyburiana" will find their own audience. There are pleasant variations in the playful verses for children, one of which was inspired by the question, "Why has not the earth a pretty name like Venus?" Of the serious pieces, "The Offering" is perhaps the most poetically fanciful. It seems rather a pity, however, that the translations should not have been omitted by the editors.

It seems rather a pity, however, that the translations should not have been omitted by the editors.

Mr. Mills, the latest student of the poems, the correspondence, the life, and the "secret" of Petrarch, is an expert in Petrarch literature, but an independent theorist. His book is interested chiefly with Laura, and in this it resembles Petrarch limself. But it is to be regretted that so much learning should be engaged in the service of what, but for the respect due to a well-informed and serious writer, we should call a fad. That the lady Petrarch loved was not married; that she was not a lady of Avignon, but a girl at a farm; that she was buried obscurely, and not with the de Sades in the church of the Cordeliers—this is nearly the whole of it. The "perturbations" of Laura's health, hitherto believed to represent her eleven child-bearings, Mr. Mills ascibes to a definite disease, with no kind of evidence. And because Petrarch speaks of her sepulture under "a few stones" and in a small grave, therefore he could not mean a tomb with a monument! Strange inference—for when has sculpture or statue seemed more than a "few stones" to the mourner when they covered the buried head of his idel? And is the grave less narrow under the church floor? Mr. Mills, noreover, does not realise the Italian and mediaval customs of marriage. Italian women who are not nuns nearly always marry, and that rule was general in the fourteenth century. The sentiment of love, the remaintic feeling apart from passion or interest, is dedicated to a married woman, quite honourably, by all Italians in their youth. If Laura had lived a maid the poems would have been full of that strange fact. Mr. Mills is absolutely modern and absolutely English in his view of the matter. Needless to say, therefore, he establishes nothing that he set out to prove.

prove.

"The Hardy Country" contains the long-desired map of Wessex, with the Hardy designations bracketed beside the real ones, and for this good service alone it deserves its inch of bookshelf. The book is a pleasant, chatty volume, admirably illustrated, and well primed with anecdotes and appreciation of the novelist's kingdom, and incidentally permeated with the fascination of Dorsershire, "a land desirable for its own sweet self," Mr. Harper, who makes a lei-surely progress up and down the countryside, speaks of the magnetism of Hardy's genius, that draws those who have read, sooner or later, to see for themselves what manner of places and what folk they must be in real hie from whose characteristics such tragedy, such admirable comedy, have been evolved. This is true enough; and we think those that go out to see will find the roads—those Hardyish Wessex roads, white, drowsy, hilly, with their carriers' carts and their wide views—not less stimulating than the sullen sweep of Egden, or the lushness of Blackmoor Vale. Mr. Hardy does not quite hold Wessex "to the exclusion of all others"—what alout Barnes, and Walter Raymond, and, quite recently, Laurence Housman?—but his master-mind dominates the pilgrim, even in scenes already rich with history and suggestion. There is a slip in the map, by the way, that puts Bere Regis in the north of Hampshire.

and suggestion. There is a slip in the map, by the way, that puts Bere Regis in the north of Hampshure.

Major Powell-Cotton's sporting experiences will awake envy in many hearts, for it is not easy now to find untrodden preserves, even for the fortunate people who think nothing of spending 2,200 a month on a shooting-trip. (He benevolently adds that one can have very fair sport for about half that sum.) Hispath lay through unexplored corners of our East Africa and Uganda Protectorates, where elephants swarm, lions are a regular nuisance, and the connoisseur can take his choice among specimens of the giraffe. The trip was undertaken largely in the interests of the national natural history collection—to which the author has given its first perfect specimens of the northern giraffe—and he seems to have good reason to complain of the difficulties thrown in his way by postal officially should alleged to exist in those regions. His criticisms on the system of game-teserves deserve attention: the chief result of the well-meant restrictions appears to be that scientific European travellers may for a seat sum shoot a very limited number of specimens, while not only native hunters, but Asiatic and Swahili raders kill to their hearts' content. Major Powell-Cotton travelled through the country of several tribes who were still practically unknown, and though he is not a scientific ethnologist, his descriptions are valuable and interesting. He managed to get on terms with the dreaded Turkana, and his only real trouble was with a kindred people called the Dodinga. The book should be read by the politician and the naturalist, as well as the sportsman.

A FAVOURITE PASTIME IN DISTURBED MOROCCO: LAB-EL-BARODA, OR POWDER-PLAY.

PROTOGRAPH BY M. VEYE



A FANTASTIC EQUESTRIAN EXERCISE: POWDER-PLAYERS JUST AFTER THEY HAVE DISCHARGED THEIR MUSKELS.

This favourite sport of the Moors, known as powder-play, is pursued sometimes on foot and sometimes on horseback. The riders gillon at full speed, and, throwing themselves into all kinds of fantastic attitudes, discharge their guns.

Players on foot also includes in weird posturings.

## HOTELS AND STREET IMPROVEMENTS.

It is customary to think of the growth of London in the second half of the last century as amazing. And so in many respects it was. In expansion of area increase of population, wealth, and trade; improvement in the general conditions under which the population lived, it stands unrivalled in the history of this or any other country. But the growth of London in the sense of beautification was surprisingly slow. With the creation of the Metropolitan Board of Works improvement quickened; but the work of the Board, great and important as it was, was mainly confined to the formation of new streets, the maintenance of puts, and the preservation of commons and open spaces. London owes it Queen Victoria Street, and the Holborn Viaduct, and the Hames Embankment, and many smaller improvements, whilst-its successor is carrying on the good work with accelerated speed. But neither the Government nor the Metropolitan Board of Works, nor the London County Council, has done much in the way of architectural embellishment. The little kingdom of Belgium not long ago spent an enormous sum in the production of a sumptuous Law Courts building, which is the admiration of Europe. England has neither done nor cared to do any such thing sinct the erection of the Houses of Parliament. It is not suggested that during the last thirty or forty years the street architecture of

street architecture of London has not greatly improved. Thanks to individual enterprise there has been great improvement, and in no direction has it been more marked to be a favourite taunt of our American kinsmen that we were without hotels worthy of the name; that there were none where an up-to-date New Yorker could find something approaching the conveniences and luxuries of his own mammoth establishments; but even the Yankee now admits that our best hotels are very passable places to put up at.

But there

But there is no finality in hotel well-doing, and an addition to the hotels of London is about to be made which bids fair to excel anything at present known to the Metropolis It will

fair to excel anything at present known to the Metropolis. It will stand upon an ideal site. Facing into Piccadilly, and fronting the Quadrant in Regent Street, it is impossible to imagine a better position for a hotel worthy of the first city of the world, and gathering to itself visitors from every country and clime, near and far. It is a curious fact that nearly all the noteworthy architectural improvements of the past fifty vears are to be found eastward of Regent Street and Piccadilly. These historic centres have little to show in the way of advance since Nash built the Quadrant ninety years ago at a cost to the Office of Woods and Forests of over a million and a half sterling. Regent Street is a fine thoroughfare as seen from the

Quadrant, but its architecture is beneath contempt, whilst Piccadilly is mostly a mean-looking street of ugly houses. It is the ambition of the creators of the new lotel—to be known as the Piccadilly—to embellish and improve these great thoroughfares. They do not pretend to be moved by philanthropic considerations. They have gone into the business because they have satisfied themselves that it means an enormous commercial success. But they are not thinking only of profit. They aspire to link their names with a work that shall help to make this great centre of London life what it ought to be in architectural appearance. No pains will be spared by those responsible for the building to make it worthy of the site upon which it is to stand—the finest for its purpose in all London. The rebuilding of the portion of the Quadrant taken in by the hotel must form the basis for the future design of the whole of the Quadrant; and the introduction of columnar features seemed to the architects imperative if grand effect for the fine sweep of the Quadrant was to be secured. The elevation to Piccadilly embraces a handsome row of shops, with entresol, terminated by semicircular arches supporting a handsome, continuous balustraded balcony, the whole giving a dignified and substantial base for the main building, the lower part of which is to be entirely of Portland stone, the

Shops with entresol will extend throughout the front, and there will be in addition the grand entrance to the restaurant.

restaurant.
Inside, the Piccadilly will offe.
exacting can want or
It may be the
bottel that reaches this standard; but without decother establishments of the kind, the de included the piccadilly think there is still room for gare in part of the piccadilly think there is still room for gare in part of the hotel will be found there. A can be not of the hotel will be the abundance of the part of it. Of how many of the establishments of the hotel will be the abundance of the part of it. Of how many of the establishment of the part of it. Of how many of the establishment of the bright will be said? And vet I plenty of natural light if there is to be comment! Another notable feature of the Piccadilly with the size of the bed-rooms. Not only will the reception, dining, and other rooms in the lower part of the building be of a size and height beyond anything in any existing hotel, but the bed-rooms will, without except be lofty and large. In every there are many fine bed-rooms, but there are also of small size, and low. In the Piccadilly the part of the

fire, at the option of the occucon a ... a n d a t-tached to each will be bath - room om. There the bathbe introduced, all min istering to commention that the hotel will include baths unqualled in their appointments present within reach of the public. And the restau-rant will be of excel-lence as the hotel



CHANGES ON THE SITE OF ST. JAMES'S HALL: THE PICCADILLY HOTEL AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

only stone that successfully tesists the Lordon atmosphere. The grand entrance to the hotel will be in the Piccadilly elevation. Rising above the balcony is the façade of the hotel of seven storeys, with grouped columns and ample provision of windows for light. The two wings of the façade are terminated by domes that will be covered with Spanish tiles. This Piccadilly façade will be striking in its simplicity, and in the almost entire absence of the so-called ornament which in other buildings forms such a convenient resting-place for soot and smoke. The elevation to the Quadrant embraces the main lines of the Piccadilly front; but as the height is not so great, the columnar order is omitted.

ing and perfect site, magnificent buildings, sumptions apartments, will not in themselves suffice to make a hotel a success. There must be men in control who are practical men, hotel experts, persons who know what's what, and have not to rely upon managers to see that things go right if shareholders are to get the dividends they will expect. And here, as in so many other ways, the Piccadilly will have the pull over many of its rivals. Piccadilly Hotel, Limited, will command every element of success; and experience shows that few things, given a fair start and good management, pay better than a hotel placed, as the Piccadilly will be placed, where it is wanted.

## MONTE CARLO.

He accease in luxury combined with economy has be in the statistical exemplified than in

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of numerous hotels. Round about the world-famous gardens, too, and in every thoroughfare of the Principality of Monaco, new houses have sprung up. These are built with every appliance that modern

formed, which has received the name of Beau-Soleil. It is scarcely necessary to diver upon the delights of this favoured spot. Everything is done to make the content of the spot of the s

to endure the dis-comforts and annoyances of the "second-rate." Here the sports-man is at home, for he finds at Monaco the International Sporting Club, where all the best-known figures of clubland are labitudes, and are

popularity; and this year there will be an exhibition at Monaco and racing in the Bay that will last over the first two weeks of April. This attraction alone will bring hundreds of additional visitors to Monte Carlo and prolong the season.



THE CASINO, MONTE CARLO.

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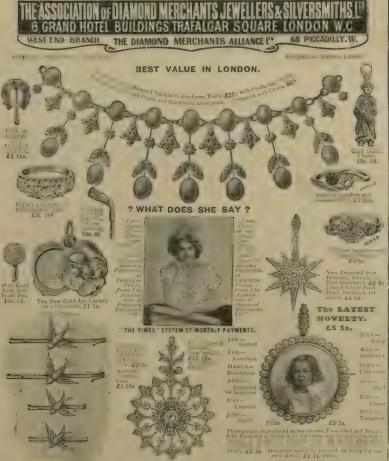
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## LADIES' PAGES

"Carmen Sylva," the poet-Queen of Roumania, has had to send out a circular letter, add essed to aspi-"Carmen Sviva," the poet-Queen of Roumania, has had to send out a circular letter, add essed to aspay is in general, and imply most to their manuscripts for correction and advice. Here the sty says that she finds her home and royal duties too exacting to allow her to give due attention to the copy" of budding literary genius. The royal poet is quite right in warding off such intruders on her time; for, as Mrs. Kendal says about would be actresses, in it is praise, and it is a thankless task blunders of a novice. According to the copy of the

Congratulations are due to the Marchioness of 1 idonderry and the other ladies who give so much time and trouble to the task of disposing of the productions of the Irish peasantry. At a meeting, held in 1s don on Jan. 12, of the Sale Committee of the 1 Industries Association it was announced that the 1al receipts at the exhibition and sale at Newcastle-Tyne on Dec. 7 and 8, which was opened by ILR.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, reached the 1 compared with that of exhibitions held in some of the other big cities in England, but it was near enough to Lady I ondonderry's home for her great influence to be felt.

I am glad to learn that Lord Stanley, the Post-master-General, has decided to give an increase in the minimum salary of the women employed by the Post-Otlice in London and certain large towns. That improvement will affect nearly three thousand girls, I am told. They approached the Postmaster-General by a memorial pointing out that it was not possible for them to live on the minimum wage, so that the service was really requiring all the girls who entered it to live partly on their relatives, and not to be self-supporting. It is gratifying that the effect was satisfactory,

SHOW

ROOMS:



not only for the sake of the women themselves, but in the public interests. There is really now considerable competition for the services of bright and healthy young women; and if the Post-Office underpays girls, it will not secure a capable set of young women. Then people will say, "women are dull, neglectful of duty," and so on, while really it is because only second or third rate workers could be obtained for the rate of wages offered.

because only second or third rate workers could be obtained for the rate of wages offered.

Amethysts are even more the rage in Paris than they are in our own fashionable world. Here we attribute the vogue to the favour recently shown to this charming purple stone by Queen Alexandra. In Paris, I find, it is stated that Queen Helena of Italy is the distinguished weater of the stone who has chiefly brought it into fashion again. There has been a long period of, neglect for the amethyst. Two or three generations ago it was in the highest favour, and brides were as pleased to receive a "set," as brooch, earrings, and necklet were then called, in this stone as in almost any other save the diamond, ever unapproachable. But an increase in the supply cheapened amethysts of the less brilliant and rich-toned sort, and sent them down into the category of semi-precious stones. True, the translucent but deep-toned purple amethyst did not become cheap, for it remained rare; but the flooding of the market with the paler inferior stones affected the vogue of the superior ones. Nowadays we wear adornments more from the possibilities of spending that our men relations possess, than our grandmothers and their mothers were wont to do. The form in which amethysts are chiefly lavoured in Paris is as round beads, threaded of a size to lie round the base of the collar in the daytime or at the pit of the throat in evening attire. Here the comparatively cheap cloudy bead is not yet much adopted, but it is the true amethyst, set clear so that its translucent beauty is visible, that is formed into a necklet or a brooch by being framed in a rim of gold or silver, leaving the stone clearly and deeply glisten-"claw" setting shows all around the stone. 'claw'' setting shows all around the stone.

Necklaces of other kinds of stone beads are being well patronised. Jade from China, or its near relative, New Zealand greenstone, Egyptian cornelian, lapis lazuli, and for those whose whims are not affected by the depth of the purse required to satisfy them, cabochon emeralds, irregular turquoises, fine pink coral or real amber, form the new bead chain necklace. This revival of popularity for the amethyst will direct attention to the possibility of excellent imitations being produced of that particular stone. A really fine imitation of many stones is itself an expensive thing; but a copy of the amethyst can be produced apparently quite cheaply. Unfortunately some

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people of little refinement confuse the intrinsic cost of a stone and its value as an adornment. If an artificial gem is worn, it is necessary to be extra careful to have it set with perfect artistic skill; real beauty of design and workmanship at once makes the ornament worthy of wear by a woman of taste, for it, of course, gives a value to the piece of jewellery. Those who wish to possess an imitation amethyst pendant, brooch, or necklace cannot do better than see those produced by the Parisian Diamond Company at 143, Regent Street, 82, New Bond Street, or 37, Burlington Arcade. All their ornaments are set with unsurpassed daintiness and skill, and in fashionable designs.

It is necessary to note the exact addresses of this company. "sincetest form of flattery," is not wanting. When a clever manufacture gets up a reputation, it is quite common for very infectior productions to seize upon the name, and trade on the renown of the high-class one. This fate, for instance, has befallen "Pinchbeck," an early alloy of zinc and copper, which closely resembles gold. It was a strict in the eighteenth century, and named the self. He soon had to put impostors frequent coffee houses and expose for sale. Toys pretended to be made of Mr. Pinchbeck's curious Metal, which are a most Nototious Imposition." Collectors of ancient watches, seals, buckles, and the like have to this day to exercise care not to become the possessors of brass articles thirly washed with gold masquerading as made of "Mr. Pinchbeck's metal." In genuine Pinchbeck there are many charming articles in the South Kensington Museum.

Belts are quite a feature of frocks nowadays. The possibilities of the swathed silk or satin belt are infinite, but the newer fashion of a plain belt fitted accurately to the figure and well boned, with a point in front and behind, is also to be co-idered as valuable for additionable. Belts are to be short and loose boleros, or the top the companion of the chief of a frock, it is really now almost incorpensable. Belts are to be short and loose boleros, or the top the companion of the belt, at choice; but to the cheef of a frock, it is really now almost incorpensable. Belts are to be short and loose boleros, or the top the companion of solution of a belt for a blouse, and it is well to be several waistbands to harmonise in colour or material with varying gowns. Soft sudde leather makes very nice belts, pliable and gracefully close-clinging. Some of the belts in this adaptable material are folded and drawn through buckles front and back. Such buckles introduce another element of choice into the matter, for they may be bright or dull gilt or enamel, or set with stones, and the designs are in great variety. Elastic belts are very satisfactory. They are six or seven inches wide, and, as the fabric gives to the figure, these belts avoid any stiff effect. They can

VILLE WHILL LACE DRESS.

titul live sould be dispined effectively as above, while the design

be had shaped-that is, deeper at front and back than at be had shaped—that is, deeper at front and back than at the sides—supported by concealed boning or by visible buckles; and they are often studded with steel or enamel very prettily. There are various forms of support pur-chasable by the ingenious maiden who makes such little parements at home, in order to save her dress-allowance for more mighty matters. At the large drapers' they can obtain skeleton shapes in whalebone and webbing all ready to cover, or cunningly concealed frames of gilt metal that merely pin into a soft silk ribbon and hold it in shape.

Riviera dresses are the only ones that are engaging attention just now, and they are showing little change from the earlier winter ones in the way of walkingcostumes. There is a decided liking shown for the well-fitting Directoire cont, with sleeves that set to the shape of the arm, though fancifully puckered and gathered and gauged very often, and with the outline of the figure carefully preserved. A cinnamon-brown smooth face-cloth in this style has been prepared for a well-known young Countess: it has a rounded basque cut smartly into a curved outline over the hips; and there is a narrow vest of pale yellow chamois leather fastened down with gold buttons, and tiny revers and pocket-flaps of dark brown velvet embroidered with soutache gold braid. A contrast for the same weater is a pretty yet simple model in thick cheviot of a light and dark fleeked brown, which has the skirt laid in box-pleats to the knee, fastened down apparently by a succession of small buttons over which pass imitation loops of brown silk edging; a coat rather like the Norfolk jacket in shape, but also laid in simulated pleats all round, sloping from the neck to the waist, and apparently fixed down with buttons and loops from one pleat to the next; a swathed belt of pale brown silk under which the pleats end, and a deep enamel buckle at its front and back alike, finishes the effect. The sleeves are full, and pleated and trimmed in similar manner from the shoulder to the cloow, where they are set into a very tight wrinkled cuff of silk. The Directoire coat has to be shaped to the basque in the cutting; it is not provided with a separate basque put on. The basque, cut in one with the top, is curved away from the front below the waist. It looks best with a plain trained and not too full skirt, and hence is not so useful as it might be as a walking-gown design. Plain cloth is used to make revers and cuffs to gowns of fancy tweed; a deep band of cloth may then well form a foot-decoration to the skirt.

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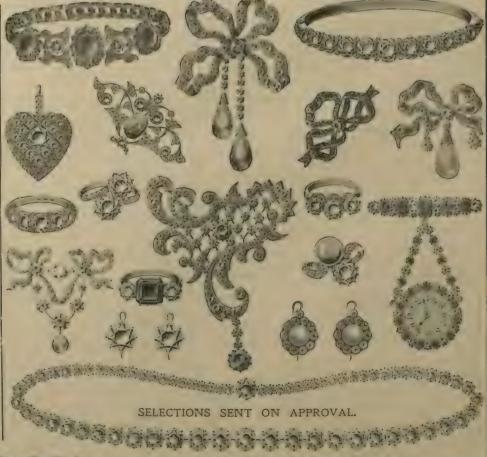
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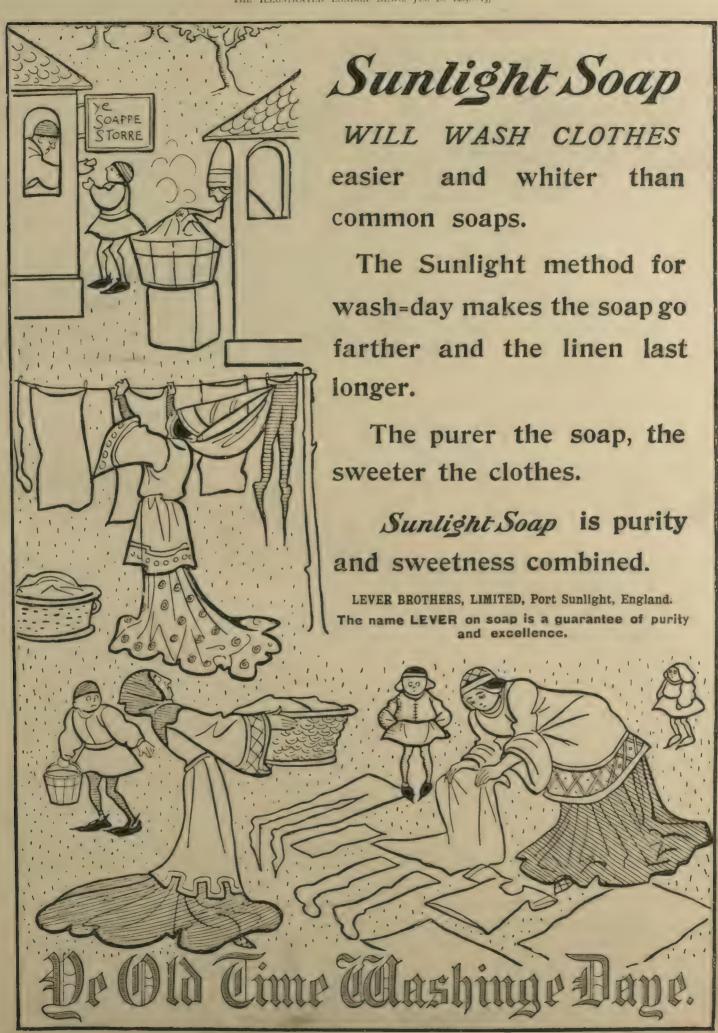
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Manchester gave some personal remin-iscences at a recent foreign missionary meeting. He said that, as a young man, the call of the foreign field

Dr. Bristow. As his readers will remember, he traced the history of Selborne Church back to Saxon times. The new Vicar of Paddington, the Rev. Marcus Rainsford, is a leader among the Low Church clergy

of London. He has been very successful as Vicar of St. James's, Holloway, where he succeeded the Rev. E. Grose Hodge. Mr. Rainsford is a lecturer at St. Mary-le-Bow, where his homely colloquial addresses are much appreciated by City workers.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell was reluctantly obliged to cancel his arrangements for visiting Palestine, and has gone for a quiet holiday in Devonshire. He has been suffering from insomnia, and was advised by his doctor to avoid the excitement and fatigue involved by a joutney to the Holy Land.

That popular Scottish preacher, the Rev. Hugh Black, of Edinburgh, was in town this week for the opening of Whitefield's Institute. The ceremony was performed by Lord'Justice Cozens-Hardy, father-in-law of the superintendent, the Rev. C. Silvester Horne.

The preparations for Dr. Torrey's Albert Hall mission are now complete. He and Mr. Alexander come to town next week, and will begin their work on Saturday evening, Feb. 4. After two months at the Albert Hall they will proceed to Brixton, where a



11-18. MORTARS ON THEIR CONCRETE EMPLACEMENTS

THE GUNS THAT REDUCED PORT ARTHUR: MONSTER II-IN, MORTARS AND THEIR PROJECTILES.

c.: 'him with great force. He consulted a com-i ent advicer and was told that it was his duty to stay at home. Had he been advised to go he would have gone, not reluctantly, but thankfully. The Bishop of London has also confessed that in earlier years he was strongly attracted towards service in heathen lands.

The Vicar of Selborne is appealing to admirers of Gilbert. White for funds to repair his church. The force of the selborne, in the Vicarage of Selborne, of which he actually he and namesake was incumbent in 1720. His own connection with the church was slight. served there for a few months in 1751 as curate to



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WILLS AND BEOUESTS.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

I'm a lib at the fame of the fame

The will (dated May 14, 1904), with three codicils, of Lieutenant-General. Sir Frederick Wellington John Filzwycham, Batt., of Leigh Park, Havant, who died on Dec. 0, was proved on Jan. 18 by Colonel Charles Wigtam Long and Dame Angela Frances Mary Ada Louise FitzWygtam, the widow, the value of the estate amounting to fit4,165. The testator gives /2000 to the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons for two annual prizes for students there; /2000 cach to the incumbents of St. Crispin, Bermondsey, and All Saints, South Lambeth Road, for church includes of sites and the building of churches at West Ham, Canning Town, and Walthamstow; /500 to the Bishop of Winchester, for life purposes at Portsmouth; /37,500 to his son Frederick Loftus Francis, for life, with power of appointment thereover to his children; /10,000, in trust, for his daughter Angela Catherine Alice; certain pictures and plate to his son, to be treated as heirlooms; and legacies to servants. The isoidae of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life, and then for his son and his issue.

then for his son and his 1880e.

The will (dated March 18, 1904) of Mr. JOHN PARNELL, of Rainsbrook, near Rugby, contractor, who died on Sept. 22, was proved on Jan. 13 by Frederick Wood Parnell, the son, and Arthur Russell Cox, the value of the estate being £107,381. The testator



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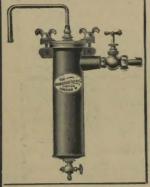
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# LASMON

bequeaths £200 to his wife; £50 each to Bertha Hands and John Frederick Stanley Hards; and there are specific gifts of jewels, plate, furniture, etc., to his family. Two sevenths of his residuary estate he leaves to his son Frederick Wood; one seventh, in trust, for his wife; one seventh to his daughters Mary and Agnes, such share not to exceed £1500 each; and one seventh each to his other children.

each to his other children.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1903) of MR. WHITWORTH WHITTAKER, of Rochdale Road, Oldham, who died on Oct. 4, was proved on Jan. 7 by Miss Lucy Alice Whittaker, the daughter, Travis Evans, Joseph Whitaker, Frederick Graham Isherwood, John Firth, and Whitworth Whittaker, the value of the property being sworn at £90,079. The testator gives £3000, certain plots of land in Rochdale Road, and the goodwill and plant of his business of a brickmaker, in trust, for Joseph Whittaker, Frederick Graham Isherwood, John Firth, and Whitworth Whittaker; and the residue of his property to his daughter absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1902) of Mr. JOSEPH GEORGE LAMBERT, of 2, John Street, Berkeley Square, who died on Dec. 26, was proved on Jan. 3 by Thomas Corns, the value of the property being £86,155. The testator gives £2000 each to his sister Anne Lambert and his nephew. William Lambert Underwood; £2000, his leasehold house and furniture, and an annuity of £1200 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Bock Lambert; £1000 each to William Bock Harrison and James Smith senior; £200 to Joseph William Asprey; £400 to his executor; and £500 to F. Manley Sims. The residue of his property he leaves to King Edward's Hospital Fund.

The will (dated Nov. 21, 1002) with a codicil (dated

The will (dated Nov. 21, 1903), with a codicil (dated June 22, 1904), of Mr. Thomas Holcroft, of Wolvernampton, who died on Sept. 25, has been proved by Edgar Holcroft, Harold Holcroft, Arthut Holcroft, and Frederick Holcroft, the sons, and Stanley Hemingway, the value of the estate and effects amounting to £75,768. The testator gives £100, the use of the household furniture, and an annuity of £500 to his wife, Mrs. Emma

Holcroft; £4500, in trust, for his son Henry for life, and then for his granddaughter Gladys Barlow; an annuity of £52 to his cousin Ann Frances; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his four sons, Harold, Edgar, Arthur, and Frederick.

four sons, Harold, Edgar, Arthur, and Frederick.

The will (dated Nov. 23, 1904) of CANON THOMAS DEHANY BERNARD, of High Hall, Wimborne, who died on Dec. 7, was proved on Jan. 3 by the Rev. Edward Russell Bernard, the son, and Miss Katharine Ellen Bernard, the daughter, the value of the property being sworn at £02,808. The testator gave £4000 to his daughter Jane Agnes, wife of Canon Lawrence; £200 to the Church Missionary Society; £50 each to the Convalescent Home at Combe Down and the Bath and Wells Diocesan Branch of the Queen Victoria Clergy Sustentation Fund; £2100 New South Wales Stock to his son Arthur Montague; the farm called Winksworth and £1000 to his son Edward Russell; and other legacies. The ultimate residue he leaves to his unmarried daughters. unmarried daughters

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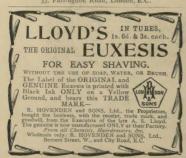
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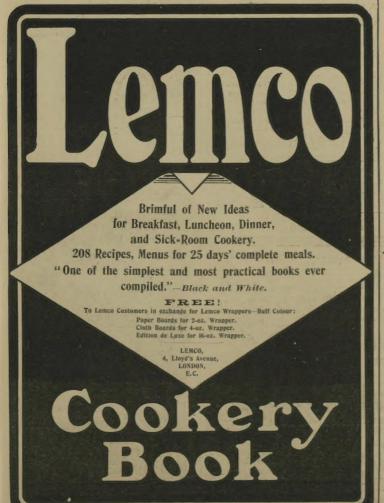
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